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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Frederic Harrison's brilliant letter exposing the Olympic humbug will reach thousands whom his philosophy leaves very cold. He has been an athlete in his time—"et militavi non sine gloria"—and he sees that the new business cult of sport, if not stopped, will ruin it altogether. The Duke of Westminster kindly points Mr. Harrison's moral for him by describing our failure to bring back more pots from Stockholm as "a tale of national disaster". Here is the whole thing. The rage for games has put us so much out of truth that we apply to the failure to win a race language that would properly fit only the loss of a Waterloo or a Sedan. We have lost the sense of national perspective, and the Duke of Westminster and the Harmsworth Press are trying to prevent our getting it back.

By the way, is the money coming in? It would be interesting to see the daily takings. If the truth can be brought home to the public, it may still take a sane view of the matter. We are not very hopeful of the man in the street; but he is not a very keen subscriber to anything. The people who can and do subscribe may be enlightened before it is too late. They would hold off if they realised that this was no question of sport, as English gentlemen have always understood sport, at all; that it is a newspaper enterprise and newspaper proprietors will be the gainers by it; that if the agitation succeeds, it will mean the rapid decay of games as a recreation and the development of a type of highly specialised athlete, who makes his athletics the occupation of his life, and is indistinguishable from a professional.

An offensive feature of the £100,000 appeal is the pretence (see "Objects") that it is being done to raise the physical welfare of the people. This is a blind to

hide the indecency of asking for £100,000 for mere games. The programme published yesterday by the "English Amateur Athletic Association" shows very well how the only thought in the promoters' minds is to get men to win pots at Berlin. More business-like or minute organisation we have seldom seen. And the inducements held out, gold, silver, and bronze medals galore, show what the promoters really think of their new scheme. If this programme is carried out (and it is only one of nine programmes to be issued) athletic meetings will be going on practically without break all over England until the Berlin "Olympics" in 1916.

These people have the insolence to try to invade the public schools. (The Universities they seem to be afraid of.) They urge "the necessity to arouse enthusiasm in the schools and systematically develop a taste for athletics". Really! Are public schoolboys so listless about athletics? The danger obviously is that intellectual work may be overdone and athletics underdone. One has heard otherwise. Now here a definite stand can be made. The headmasters of the great schools know the truth. Let them firmly refuse to allow these people to interfere in any way with the athletics of their schools. Let them prohibit their boys from taking any part in these Olympic meetings. It is their duty to keep out such a disturbing element. If the public schools and Universities do not touch the thing, not much harm will be done. It will be obvious that this business is not supported by the gentlemen of England.

Is President Wilson sliding down the slippery path to war? It looks much like it. His now declared position makes it impossible for him to acknowledge General Huerta's Government. General Huerta cannot accept President Wilson's terms and has all Mexico, including the foreigners, enthusiastically behind him. American troops are being hurried to the Mexican frontier. This is more significant than optimistic messages from Washington.

Now we know why the Powers are doing nothing about Adrianople. The whole question of railways in

Asia Minor has come up again, and no Power wants to rouse Turkish opposition. Even Russia has railways to think of in spite of the Potsdam agreement, and besides she does not want to put a spoke in France's wheel. Russia's idea is to leave things as they are until the money from the Tobacco Régie is exhausted. Then Turkey can be coerced. But Turkey meanwhile is pressing for direct negotiations with Bulgaria, and threatens war if they are refused. For the moment the chances are that Turkey will keep her fortress.

Palace of Peace is an unfortunate name. It suggests everything sham. It is exactly the sort of tawdry phrase a caterer of shows would get hold of. One cannot think of it as having to do with anything but make-believe; glass for crystal; stage effects; fireworks. Peace conferences are always the most insubstantial of pageants, and for the peace which they talk about an insubstantial fairy palace may be fit home. Not that the design of this palace suggests elfin hands. It seems pretty solid and not beautiful. It may serve its purpose as a good roof for those who have to do the vast amount of clerical drudgery these conferences involve. It may also be a good international Court-house. But to call it a House of Peace is as silly as to take these conferences or the Peace Society seriously.

The King of Prussia visits Posen as a benevolent despot. He has made the town a Royal residence, has given it avenues and a new Town Hall. The Poles can go about their business under the kind patronage of the Prussian Crown. The other side of the medal is that the Prussian plans for Polish expropriation continue, though without much result. Still the Emperor was far better received than on his last visit, and some Poles at least have realised that the Prussians are not such bad masters when they are obeyed. But the Poles are a very undisciplined people. It is their unruly temperament and not any true national consciousness which makes them discontented.

The anti-militarist riot in Paris last Sunday was ugly and might have been very serious in damage done. As a sign of the times, it was rather encouraging than not. To have been able to hold a military tattoo in Belleville at all was a great thing: and the bulk of the people seem to have looked on the anti-militarists with disfavour. There was a humorous touch in the rioters being dispersed by the hose-pipe. Could not our police take the hint and hose-pipe the next suffragette mob? It seems the very thing for mad women.

General de Négrier, whose death during a voyage in Norwegian waters is announced from Hammerfest, was a real soldier, and managed to see hard fighting in various parts of the world. He began work at Gravelotte, he was in hospital at Metz during the siege, and he served in Algeria and in China. His military experiences provided him with a prejudice against cavalry—at least for modern warfare; but he had proved at an early age his skill and coolness as an infantry officer. Everyone recalls his gallant offer at the time of the Agadir incident to serve in the ranks, though his retirement at General Gallifet's direction from the Supreme Council of War in 1899 is scarcely remembered against him. He admitted that he had authorised an indiscreet speech of Colonel Bertrand's, made in the crisis of the Dreyfus agitation; and that ended his official career.

The long-standing differences between General Botha and General Hertzog have developed into a bitter quarrel. Under General Hertzog's lead Rustenburg called upon General Botha to resign, and General Botha's response was to go to Rustenburg in order to face his enemies. One satisfactory thing at least has been accomplished by General Hertzog's anti-imperial line. He has brought out all the fighting quality of the Prime Minister, who has come down with determination in favour of the Empire and of justice to capital as well as labour. The quarrel threatens far-

reaching effects. It will split up the Dutch party, and General Botha and his friends will find working alliance with the British necessary. Hertzogism has been a serious menace in South Africa; it may prove a blessing in disguise.

The problem of Imperial defence is becoming chaotic. Australia does not agree with New Zealand, and Canada up to the present has agreed with both and neither. South Africa has lately been listening to strong speeches by Sir Frederick de Waal, Mr. Schreiner and Mr. Justice Kotze in favour of keeping the Union in close touch with Imperial naval policy, and Bordenites and Laurierites in Canada maintain a running fight the end of which cannot be foreseen. Every Colonial statesman declares his anxiety to assist Imperial defence, but the character of the aid he would give varies according as his aspirations are towards ultimate nationalism or Imperialism. New Zealand is as convinced as Mr. Borden that a local navy would be as useless to a colony as to the Empire. Australia apparently is as eager as Sir Wilfrid Laurier to be an Imperial auxiliary in peace and free to take her own course in war—a policy fatuous locally and treacherous Imperially.

There is a good deal to be said therefore in support of the Pacific Naval Conference which it is suggested should be held at Vancouver. It would be better still if South Africa were included. The last Imperial Conference in London ought to have settled the question once and for all, but the conflicting views of the various Premiers rendered impossible any step beyond barren agreement to give the old country a helping hand. Obviously three or four different methods of doing that might involve hopeless confusion and uncertainty in the hour of crisis. Since the Imperial Conference Mr. Borden has had the opportunity of getting to grips with naval facts; he is seized of the true principles of Imperial defence, and at such a Conference as is now proposed he would be in a position to convince his colleagues of the futility or worse of any scheme which did not, in the words of New Zealand's Defence Minister, place Colonial ships under Imperial control for Imperial purposes.

Sir Albert Rollit, as was to be expected, takes the wrong view about the Panama Exhibition. He denounces as "a mean and unworthy slander" the suggestion that the British Government's refusal to take part in the Exhibition was in any way due to American action over the Canal. The Chamber of Commerce, confessedly in ignorance of the information on which the Government came to its decision, is to make inquiries for itself, and Sir Albert no doubt hopes to whip up a number of individual traders whose desire to go to San Francisco may induce the Government to reconsider the position.

Unless British Ministers wish to make themselves ridiculous, they will do nothing of the sort. Much more weight attaches to the opinion of Mr. Serrailier, whose long experience of exhibitions tells him that the British trader will be ill-advised if he allows himself to be cajoled into supporting the "creation of officialism" at San Francisco. Such international exhibitions do not serve commercial ends, and on the international side Great Britain has more reason than Germany for refusing to participate.

Mr. Crooks, Labour M.P., goes on official business to Australia, the Promised Land of Labour; and is not allowed to come in. Here is a new version of the Peri at the gate of Paradise. But Mr. Crooks is going to get in by an expedient that the Peri never seems to have thought of; he is going to be vaccinated. Australia wisely writes up, "Let no one unvaccinated enter"; and Mr. Crooks submits. Will he learn wisdom from the Australians and when he comes back press for compulsory vaccination here? Not only he needs to learn this, but Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Balfour who sold the pass years ago, when they let in the "conscientious objector" to square the Leicester anti-vaccinationists.

It is a shrewdly chosen time for a strike of London painters and decorators. Marlborough House and Buckingham Palace are in the hands of the painters, and ever so many Government offices and clubs, not to speak of private houses. The workmen have an evident advantage over their employers in a dispute at this season, and a considerable number of employers have conceded the terms for which the painters' unions are contending; but a much larger number have not agreed to them. Sympathetic strikes on the part of some trades rather remotely connected with the painters, as the transport and the electric light workers, seem likely to spread, the question of non-unionism being prominent. A "lights out" strike is talked of, if the negotiations between the master painters' executive and the workmen's leaders do not soon result in a settlement.

Mr. D. A. Thomas has been discussing the possibility of another strike in the South Wales Colliery district within a twelvemonth. He was presenting the report of the Fernhill Collieries, of which he is chairman. They are a very prosperous company, the dividends for the year being 7 per cent. on the Preference shares and 16 per cent., which could have been, but for prudence, 30 per cent. on the Ordinary shares. Of course this by no means represents the position of the collieries working on a small margin. But the report will probably stimulate the claim for the 15 per cent. now being made on behalf of the surfacemen. Mr. Thomas states that the mine-owners will resist, as the demand is in breach of the Conciliation Board Agreement, which has still two years to run. Average wages of Welsh miners have gone up faster than the cost of living, and, on the whole, Mr. Thomas thinks a strike on behalf of the surfacemen will not happen.

It is not unlikely that the split between Liberal-Labour and Socialist-Labour after the Chesterfield election has its impulse from the Co-operative as opposed to the Socialist spirit. The miners of Yorkshire and Derbyshire and the cotton operatives of Lancashire have strong Co-operative Societies, and their union with the Socialist-Labour party has always been artificial. It was entered into reluctantly by the majority, but the Socialist enthusiasts amongst them carried the day. At present the incompatible elements look like splitting apart, and the Lancashire cotton workers following the example of the Chesterfield miners. It would make for honesty in politics if they did. There may still be a compromise which will continue the long-obvious hypocrisy. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald seems to imply in statements he has made that his protest at Chesterfield was only a formality.

Lord Grey has been presiding over the ninth International Co-operative Congress in Glasgow. This new "International", which differs so greatly from the "International" of the Socialists, has been attended by six hundred delegates, and is representative of twenty million members and twenty-four nations. Co-operation has always been a rival of Socialism rather by its methods than in its aims. It is an endeavour to eliminate the capitalist as distinct from the labourer by voluntary association without recourse to compulsion through the State.

There is no love lost between the two parties; but Co-operation has certainly more substantial results to show in practical life than Socialism. The idealism of supplanting the capitalist employer by Co-operation is an idealism probably as remotely attainable as that of the Socialists; but it has meanwhile greatly affected industry and trade practice. Individual traders have been bitter opponents of Co-operation; the middleman does not relish his proposed extinction. Yet the movement goes on, and it is foreseen that it must be an essential feature in any agricultural renaissance of the immediate future.

The contest between the United States authorities who applied to the Canadian Court at Ottawa for the extradition of Thaw and Thaw's lawyers, American and Canadian, has been very curious. In the first place his lawyers thought they would get him out of prison on habeas corpus and he would be free of the extradition proceedings. Then it appeared if they won and Thaw were free he could be arrested by the Immigration Department, and deportation might result in his falling into the hands of one of the American States and Thaw be ultimately re-consigned to Matteawan. Accordingly they themselves applied to have the habeas corpus writ discharged, and they have succeeded in keeping their client safe in prison in the meantime. What happens next, we suppose, will be the extradition proceedings by the American State lawyers demanding the surrender of Thaw. If they are refused, the fight will doubtless be resumed over the deportation question. As there may be appeals all the time the end seems remote.

"The increasing cost of education of the highest kind has made it inevitable that the universities should look to the State for assistance in the work they are doing for the State." So says the introduction to the reports for 1911-1912 from the universities and university colleges which receive "grants" from the Board of Education, which published the reports in two volumes on Monday. And the President of the Board, referring to the results of the Royal Commission on University Education in London, foresees metropolitan universities which shall make no distinction between rich and poor students, and in which ability shall be the sole test of merit. But the authorities are carrying round the hat; despite the fact that the Board of Education alone makes grants of £45,000 to universities annually, further endowment is required. No one will be very particular as to its source.

Mr. Bernard Quaritch the father made himself the first bookseller in the world; and Mr. Bernard Quaritch the son defended the title successfully. Indeed, he did a good deal more. Seldom do father and son show such great ability in the same line. One regrets there is no son to follow now. The eminence of the Quaritches as booksellers was a distinction for the country. That is not putting it at all too high. Both father and son had that idea in their minds, and rose to the responsibility of their prestige. Bookselling—we speak, of course, of old and rare books—is unique amongst trades in its literary and curious associations. It was once rich in characters. One is told it is not so now. Bookselling too has had to fall into line with the times. But at any rate it has not sunk to the level of picture-dealing. It may have lost its gentlemanliness, but it has not taken to itself lying, chicanery, and all sharp practice.

Canon Newbolt has been preaching bravely against the loose ways of holiday-makers. The decent churchgoer at home becomes a divers-coloured loafer on the sands, during church-time, when out for a holiday. Certainly the man who does not keep up to his own standard is a poor creature. Why on earth should church be less important at Eastbourne than at Hampstead? The "Pall Mall Gazette's" answer that it has found the churches at watering-places full is not ingenuous; for they are full of women. But there is more to be said against the manners than the morals of watering-place crowds. For unmixed vulgarity the habit of the middle-class by the sea can hardly be matched. Their notion of enjoying themselves is sad. The attraction of the "parade", cracked bands, bathing-machines, and rotten novels seems to spring eternal.

They seem to have in America the same custom of expressing the merits of sculpture in tons as here. Mr. Hammerstein's statues in Kingsway were described on arrival in terms of tons. Now the Verdi statue, which the Italo-Americans of San Francisco are giving to the city, has arrived and, we are carefully told, weighs fifty tons. Fifty tons of Verdi! If the Germano-

American citizens should want to give a statue of Wagner, what is to be done? Proportion will require it to weigh at least a thousand tons. "Frisco" will sink under the weight of its statues.

With this season comes the annual wail of the British composer. That strange creature cannot rid himself of the notion that he should be represented at concerts given in this country. This year Mr. Newman is giving English works conducted by their English composer, but it is hard to see how anything can come of it all. Foreign works are the best draw, and it is to be feared this will long continue. It is not always known how some of the most popular of these were manufactured. "The Barber of Bagdad", for instance, was written by Cornelius, a disciple of Wagner, and the anti-Wagnerites used to remark that the master had copied from the pupil, especially in the instrumentation of "The Mastersingers". But Felix Mottl told Mr. Bernard Shaw and our musical critic that the scoring was so bad that Liszt told him to do it again. This Mottl did, inevitably copying Wagner. But the result is always the same; we like to hear the masterpieces, no matter who writes them, and we go in terror of the home-produced article.

Bad luck, just a slip of the foot which put the machine out of control, brought Mr. Hawker's great flight to a summary end in Lough Shinny. Happily the disaster was not a tragedy. Whether Mr. Hawker could have reached Southampton within the scheduled time is extremely doubtful. A variety of small troubles involving delay had already reduced his margin to the vanishing point. Had he won through after all, the achievement would have been even greater than had been dreamt of. He would have shown that, mishaps apart, seventy-two hours were more than ample for a water-plane flight of 1540 miles. He had covered more than two-thirds of the distance. Who would not sympathise with a man robbed at such a moment of his sporting chance?

The net result is a record in a purely British flight. Incidentally it has given the "Daily Mail" an advertisement cheaply bought at the price of the £1000 solatium to the plucky airman. It is one of the rare instances of newspaper enterprise from which national advantage may result. It has given the British manufacturer, as well as the British pilot, an opportunity of showing what we are capable of doing, late in the air though we were. This thousand-odd-mile flight in two days was a fine test of mechanical and personal quality. Lessons great and small have been provided by Mr. Hawker's sustained effort, and they will bear good fruit if Mr. Churchill follows up officially his own injunction: "Though we started last we must persevere till the first place is gained and held".

It is a comfort that on the golf links we can all be friends and forget all our differences, except the difference in strokes. It is quite pleasant to have Mr. Lloyd George recounting his golf exploits. He is very modest, for to hole out in one, as he did once in the South of France, is not a miracle: the duffer may do it. That indeed is Mr. Lloyd George's point. He is right: the game is indeed a great consolation for the yellowing leaf, or, to use his figure, the wintering hair. It makes one red and hot to think that Mr. Lloyd George was once insulted—on political grounds—on a famous metropolitan course.

So Kent are the cricket champions for this year. Every man naturally would wish the wreath for his own county; but we verily believe every man would equally wish Kent to come second. So that everybody will be pleased. Kent plays real cricket and plays it as a game. Next to Kent we should keep our good words for Somerset. Somerset also plays the game, and shows a fine example of pluck and persistence. To be last and yet go on is greater than to be first and go on.

GERMAN UNITY—THE LESSON FOR BRITAIN.

IT would be possible to make out that the celebrations in Germany have been an organised hypocrisy. Kelheim, Bavaria, and the Danube—what do these count in the new tradition of German unity as compared with Varzin, Prussia, and the Rhine? The Prince Regent delivers a long speech on the part played by the Wittelsbach Kings in making Germany one, and the average German knows nothing of the Wittelsbach Kings except their extravagance and insanities. There is talk of the Empire's foundation on war with France, and not a word of its true origin in war with Austria. The Emperor rises to reply and actually makes a dull speech, so afraid he is of saying anything. Not a hint of the fact that he is also King of Prussia, and as such has given Germany her navy, and with her navy her ambitions. Instead there are references to a free union of states and cities, while all the time in Berlin there is a Government responsible only to the Emperor, which cares nothing for states and cities, which equips fleets and enlarges armies and frames social legislation, and has at last, this very year, obtained power to levy taxes, all for the Empire, uniform and comprehensive. After the banquet came a return to the truth. The Emperor left Kelheim for Posen and for the very different conception of government that obtains there; and he took the Bavarian Prince Regent with him.

In truth things are not quite what they seem in Germany. Give a Government two things—control of defence and control of trade—and it becomes authoritative in fact, however much it may be federal in name. Bismarck, having obtained these two realities for his Empire, was prepared to make concessions of the shadows that remained over. Bavaria has her own stamps, her own uniforms, her six seats in the Federal Council, her right not to take the oath to the Emperor until war has been declared. But all these things have availed nothing in face of the tendency of power to gravitate to Berlin where the army and navy are controlled and commercial policy shaped. Ever since the Empire was founded the Imperial Executive has extended its authority. Social policy came within its grasp thirty years ago; direct taxation has at length followed; and now the Germans themselves are beginning to laugh at their local Parliaments. But they have not yet come to understand how complete is the sovereignty of the Imperial administration, and when the truth dawns on them there will be cries that this is not what was intended in 1871. But by that time the Empire will be too strong to shake, and the German mind, which has a profound respect for an authority which accepts all its responsibilities, will have no real desire to shake it.

There is thus a curious contrast between Britain and Germany. The German hardly ever speaks of his Empire. He speaks of Deutschland, but that is rather an abstract term, and includes at least a part of Austria. He speaks of his own State and still cherishes a real local patriotism, though the educational machine is now being used to destroy it. He speaks of the Emperor, but regards him more as a supervisor than as a sovereign. Yet all the while there is one force in Germany which is steadily swallowing up all other forces, and that is the Imperial Executive; so that already the German Constitution is full of legal fictions. On the other hand no English Unionist seems able to avoid a reference to "this great Empire" in his platform speeches, and all Radicals work the spectre of a military and bureaucratic Imperialism for what it is worth. Yet we have no Empire. On the contrary, the national consciousness of the Dominions is growing at the cost of the Imperial sense, and good Imperialists even say that Federation can quite well stay over for another twenty years since the Dominions would not accept the predominance to which Britain's wealth and population at present entitle her. Thus, while the Germans are an Empire and do not yet know it, we, who call ourselves an Empire, see its prospect becoming more remote, let the Dominions negotiate treaties with foreign Powers, let a Canadian Premier disclaim all share in responsibility for the

foreign policy of Downing Street, let South Africa and Australia acquire dependencies, and still repeat the old phrase about one King and one flag. If both we and the Germans are living in a fools' paradise, it is we who will get the more disastrous awakening. It is not satisfactory to live like the Germans in a Union whose closeness is not yet suspected, but it is still less satisfactory to cherish, as we Britons do, an aspiration which events are making impossible of fulfilment. In the next thirty years British and German statesmanship must wrestle with opposite parts of the Federal problem. We must give reality to the whole and the Germans must keep life in the parts. No thoughtful German who looks under the surface of things underrates the necessity of this task. There is an immense difference in thought and outlook between the North German and the South German, and if the Empire were to become Prussianised through over-rapid internal expansion, it would end as a hollow bureaucracy like the ancien régime in France. That danger begins to threaten now, but it is fair to urge that it will be overcome when the fact of German unity is more fully realised and succeeds in creating a true German spirit. The Emperor himself is a portent. He is a German, whereas his grandfather was a Prussian, and his navy is turning out Germans by the thousand every year. Even the Reichstag, poor feeble thing that it is, is coming to perceive that its parties are too local, and it is not altogether a bad thing that the Socialists, the one party without local ties of any kind, should have so vastly added to their voting strength. After all, the Germans sighed for unity for half a century before they got it, and though, when we look back, we can see that what Bismarck brought into being was not so much German unity as an organisation for the promotion of German unity, is that not what the Germans really wanted? They have always been lacking in practical political sense, and for that reason institutions do not grow among them. Institutions have to be planted in Germany, but once planted they stand firm because the Germans are a disciplined people with a respect for facts. Nothing could better illustrate the German mind than the German Navy. With all his prestige and all his ability, the Emperor had to work for ten years to get a navy. But now that the fleet is in being all Germany accepts it as a permanent fact.

On the other hand, it is the pride of Englishmen that their institutions grow. They devise a scheme that will satisfy the needs of the day, and when the morrow comes the scheme can be adapted to meet its needs too. We are the most amazing instance in history of the successful results of want of forethought. It is our boast that we have always muddled through, and many of us believe that we shall muddle through to Empire. Is not this way of thought a little out of date? It has not yet been understood in England that science can win triumphs in the political field. By a proper use of its instrument of statistics, science can make great generalisations in politics. The Germans understand that. Their Government is scientific. It postulates an average German. Its legislation is framed to produce the average German. Its strategy is based upon what the average German can do in war. If you assume that the average man will do his average work, says the German, you can see a long way into the future and you will not be far wrong. That was Bismarck's idea when he gave the Empire power over trade and defence and then left it to work along. Had he died in 1872 instead of developing the Empire for ten more years, and stopping it from developing for most of the next ten, the course of events would not have been greatly altered; for the German Empire as we see it to-day is very much what the average German was bound to make it sooner or later, though thanks to the Emperor the development has come sooner and not later. We English, on the contrary, expect a man to arise at the right time to pull us through. No doubt the man will arise—we are still a great people—but will he pull us through? How can he pull us through when he has no instruments ready to his hand? It is no longer enough to say that institutions grow. They

must be properly planted and tended if they are to grow; and it is just because the idea of Imperial unity is told to grow while nothing is done to give it a chance of growth that the British Empire is, if anything, less an empire to-day than it was when the first Conference of Ministers met in the year of the Queen's Jubilee. Is it not time that we made a beginning by asking Bismarck's old question—What does Union essentially involve? If we answer it as well for ourselves as Bismarck did for Germany, we may be thankful.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S STATEMENT.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S message to Congress leaves the Mexican situation where it was. But it does not leave the President where he was. Up to now he has cleverly left it doubtful whether he was acting as a moralist or as a politician. As a moralist he could refuse to recognise the Huerta Government on the ground that its head was a murderer with whom respectable neighbours could have nothing to do, and this high line pleased the extreme elements of the Democratic party. As a politician he could urge that what the interests of the United States required was stability in Mexican politics, and that it was not the business of Washington to recognise, and so delay the fall of, a Government bound to fail in the long run. Considerations of this kind appealed to American business men. But now the President has shown his hand. There is not a word about morality in his message. His case is that the Huerta régime is growing steadily weaker, and that the best thing for the Government to do is to resign before it is violently turned out. President Wilson is an honest man, but he is not a lucid thinker, and his policy contradicts his explanation of motives. His demand that General Huerta should resign and not come forward as a candidate for office is only intelligible on the theory that he regards the General as a bad character, and his advice to Americans to boycott Mexico completely suggests that he considers all factions to be equally black. The statement that America desires nothing but tranquillity in Mexico cannot be made to square with the policy of letting the Mexicans fight it out. Americans cannot understand foreign policy, and Dr. Wilson is an American.

However the main question is whether the President is right in his facts. His statement that the Huerta régime is collapsing the Mexican Foreign Minister flatly denies. General Huerta must have known that this correspondence would be published and that foreign dwellers in the country would soon show him up if he were lying. But the foreign dwellers support him. The various colonies have gone so far as to transmit a favourable resolution to their Governments, and even American residents in Mexico City disagree with their President. Moreover, Britain and other leading Powers have recognised the new régime. Sir Edward Grey is not the man to go against Washington without very good ground, and we are bound to assume that Europe believes that General Huerta can make good. On the face of it that view is probable. The collapse of the Madero régime proved that Diaz' opponents could not govern Mexico. The alternative was a Diaz restoration, and Huerta is, in fact, heading such a movement. He has the Diaz party behind him in the provinces, and these are the men who actually kept Mexico quiet for forty years. Why should their administrative ability have suddenly failed? Surely it is for Dr. Wilson to quote some evidence in support of his view before he can hope for its acceptance. Meanwhile he must face the criticism that his decision is bad both for the States and for Mexico.

But Dr. Wilson's policy is more important than his reading of facts. The States are to wash their hands of the whole business. It will be interesting to see whether this proposed neutrality is observed. President MacKinley found a way of helping the Cuban rebels long before the rupture with Spain. But whether

neutrality is observed or not there is no doubt that Washington desires it, not because it is indifferent but because it is contemptuous. All Mexico knows as much by now, and the President's tone of cold superiority will only outrage Mexican pride. There is just one thing which can bring Mexicans of all parties together, and that is aggression by the United States. President Wilson has done all he can to provoke such an outburst. He has told the Mexicans in effect that not one of them is good enough for an American citizen to shake hands with. European diplomacy with its wider experience can assure the President that that is how wars are made. It is clearly the game both of General Huerta and of any of his rivals to stand forward as the champions of Mexican dignity against American insolence. A frontier incident and the thing is done. Before the Americans know it there will be a raid, somebody will tread on the Stars and Stripes, and all America will be remembering the "Maine" again. War may be the last thing Dr. Wilson wants; but it takes intelligence to avoid war, and he, like most of his predecessors, devotes all his intelligence to the game at home.

AN OLYMPIAN TRUMPET-CALL.

[FROM "THE DAILY MAIL AND TIMES", 30 AUGUST 1913.]

TO-DAY our readers will notice that we have been unable to spare space for ordinary news topics in view of the grave Olympic situation, but further letters on the interesting discussion as to whether Olympic Meetings for Women should be established will be found elsewhere in our columns.

In the previous thirteen articles which have appeared during the present month we have recapitulated for our readers the train of events which has led up to the present alarming situation. Readers of "The Daily Mail and Times" will not need to be reminded that we have moved far indeed from the attempt to raise a paltry £100,000 which this paper started in 1913. In his last Budget statement the Chancellor of the Exchequer made provision for Sport expenditure of £15,000,000, and it is an open secret that, but for the weakness of the Secretary for Sport in yielding to the reactionary element in the Cabinet, this amount would have been largely increased.

Obviously the amount is insufficient to maintain our prestige, and this feeble Government may well be wondering how long it will be allowed to palter with the national honour. We are overwhelmed with letters testifying to the effect which "The Daily Mail and Times" articles are producing in the country, and two or three significant events of the last few days point plainly enough in the same direction. At the great gathering in Smithers Square yesterday (the old Trafalgar Square, now renamed in honour of an Olympic hero), when the removal of the absurd old pictures of soldiers and sailors was completed and the National Portrait Gallery was reopened with a complete collection of portraits of our Olympic winners, all the speeches pointed the same moral. A Prime Minister who is not an Olympic champion is an anachronism. Ideally the Prime Minister should also hold the Secretaryship-of-State for Sport, but no man could be expected to bear the double burden.

The great heart of the nation is stirred to its depths, and the situation grows graver every hour. It will be remembered that at the Olympic meeting which has just closed England was defeated by the narrowest margin and America won the day. Rarely has London witnessed such scenes as on the day when the last results were given to the world by the enterprise of "The Daily Mail and Times". Men and women wept openly in the streets. The theatres were closed; the Prime Minister's house was besieged by an angry crowd. The King shared his people's sorrow, and the Royal Standard on Buckingham Palace floated at half-mast. Many people were in mourning.

But with the arrival of the report of our special correspondent sorrow was changed to indignation. Our

correspondent (whose name, were we to disclose it, would be recognised as that of the greatest living authority on sport) made with a full sense of his responsibility a series of startling allegations. The most sensational of these concerned the fouling of our champion, James Bumpkin, by the American 1000-metre champion, Josh. P. Bulger. It is whispered that, on the night before the race, more than one attempt was made to enter the hotel and attack our champion, and when these failed, owing to the vigilance of "The Daily Mail and Times" special corps of guards, Bulger deliberately tripped Bumpkin during the race.

The Government acted with its usual crass stupidity. The Prime Minister denied all knowledge of the alleged foul and attempted to impugn the veracity of our correspondent. In one of the most magnificent speeches ever delivered at Westminster the Leader of the Opposition tore the Premier's flimsy apologetics to rags, and the scene which followed will not soon be forgotten. The member for Woolwich, five times Olympic champion, followed the Leader of the Opposition and demanded the resignation of the Government, and only the adjournment of the sitting by the Speaker averted bloodshed.

Within the last twenty-four hours the veracity of "The Daily Mail and Times" correspondent has been triumphantly vindicated; the Prime Minister has been forced to withdraw his charges against us and an inquiry has been promised. What is to follow? If the International Olympic Committee refuses to intervene, a European conflagration is inevitable. We and our Allies will be forced to withdraw from the Concert, and a struggle of which no man can see the end may be upon us.

But we are not inclined to be pessimistic. We have strong hopes, based on exclusive sources of information, that a compromise may be reached; but the country is fully determined that it will no longer entrust its destinies to the palsied hands of a Minister, whose Oxford degree (which ought by right to be given for athletics, or at least to include them in the necessary subjects) is a very poor substitute for an Olympic diploma, and whose solitary appearance on the Sports ground only made his lack of enthusiasm the more conspicuous.

There is one man, and one man only, who can save the country. When we name Jack Smithers, Jack who broke the record in the 100 metres last year and so placed his name for ever on the great Roll of Honour of our country, we feel that every reader of "The Daily Mail and Times" will acclaim our choice. The cheese-paring policy which has brought us so low must be abandoned. Every item of expenditure must be scrutinised; every avenue of taxation must be explored. The scholarships founded by the late Lord Lipton, that great patriot, at Oxford, Cambridge, and London Universities for possible Olympic champions must be largely supplemented. The contents of the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery and the British Museum must be sold. The reactionaries who have so long stood in the way of the Hyde Park Olympic scheme must be swept away; the trees must be cut down and the whole area devoted to training-grounds. At the old War Office the Central Olympic Committee could be in close touch with Downing Street. Westminster Abbey may remain as the great Valhalla of dead Olympic heroes.

Above all, money is required. In a series of six articles which we shall publish in these columns next week we shall explore this subject; for the present it is sufficient to say that an annual appropriation of thirty millions is the least we can accept, and the price which Russia is to pay to this country for her lease of our Indian territories must be earmarked for Olympic purposes.

It is a very serious crisis, perhaps the most momentous in our history. Let England be true to herself; let her make such sacrifices as may be required of her. Let merchants refuse to employ clerks who have not obtained at least the first Olympic diploma; let our Universities cast off their old educational errors and teach their young men (aye, and maidens, too) not to

waste time over what the Hellenes wrote or their philosophers thought, but emulate what they *did*. Being now free from the absurdity of compulsory Greek, we can give our undivided attention to the Greek games.

THE CITY.

CONSIDERING that the "public" is away on holidays the condition of the stock markets has not been at all bad this week. A very fair sprinkling of investment orders has come in, and, as there is a lull in new issues, business has gone in the direction of quoted securities. Dealings have not been on a large scale, but they were sufficient to impart cheerfulness to the Stock Exchange, and to induce professionals who had gone "short" to replace stock on their books.

The further improvement in monetary conditions has assisted the markets. The Bank reserve has increased by nearly £1,000,000 in a week, and is £1,368,000 larger than at this time last year, when the Bank rate was raised to 4 per cent—as compared with 4½ per cent now. This accounts for the firmness of Consols, while investment buying has increased the value of colonial and foreign bonds. The political situation in the Balkans, although not considered wholly satisfactory, is causing no anxiety, and, as regards Mexico, the Stock Exchange welcomes any development that may lead to the early settlement of the country. The City is entirely lacking in sympathy with the Wilson policy, but is prepared to see President Huerta's ambitions sacrificed in the interests of business.

Home Railway securities have been depressed by fears that the strike movement in London may spread. Great Easterns are particularly out of favour because of the inexplicable decrease in traffics, following upon the reduction of the dividend and the directors' refusal to provide any information as to the financial position at the end of the half-year.

The publication of the annual report of the Canadian Pacific Company caused a sharp advance in the shares, but this was followed by a reaction owing to the continued decline in gross traffics. Grand Trunks are receiving a little more attention in view of the fact that the prairie section of the Pacific line will soon be linked to the main system via Cochrane, which should bring increased traffics.

Wall Street in the absence of any other market development displayed some interest in President Wilson's message on Mexico, and, after offering stocks, repurchased them when rumours were circulated to the effect that President Huerta would accept the American proposals. The reduction of the Chesapeake dividend had been fully expected, and was the signal for some bear covering. It is noteworthy that the price of seats on the New York Stock Exchange is now steadily rising, which indicates anticipation of increasing activity.

Mexican railway stocks have naturally been depressed by political events, but they will recover sharply if there is reasonable ground for expecting a more settled condition of affairs in the Republic. Brazil commons are still on the up-grade, and San Paulos are a very firm market owing to anticipations of an issue of new capital on terms that will provide a bonus to stockholders. Among Argentines the feature is a rise in Argentine Transandine Prefs. on talk of a dividend.

The Mining markets remain in a rather idle state; but Copper shares are being helped by the improved statistical position of the metal, and some attention is being given professionally to Nigerian tins.

The most active section of the "House" is the Oil market. The dealings are chiefly in shares connected with the Shell group. Ural Caspians and North Caucasians have received good support, both being under Shell control. A hitch in the absorption of the California Oilfields deal has been satisfactorily arranged, so that the shares have made a further improvement. Kern Rivers have been a feature on the news of negotiations with the Shell group, but it is officially announced

that the Kern directors have rejected the Shell offer. Premier Pipes have fluctuated wildly under the influence of rumour and counter-rumour regarding the dividend position. A board meeting will be held on Monday to consider the situation, and in the somewhat unlikely event of a dividend being declared the shares may recover, but they cannot in any case be regarded as a promising holding. The capital is too large.

The Rubber market is alternately hopeful and despondent, but it is worthy of note that a good deal of professional bear covering has been going on recently.

The spirit has gone from the Marconi market now that all the news is out. Brazilian Tractions are an active feature among electric concerns, but the dealings are mainly professional. A fair inquiry has been received for Associated Cements on favourable anticipations of the forthcoming report; incidentally it is being remarked that the British Cement shares are a more promising purchase.

Generally the market outlook is very favourable, and any sustained buying movement would cause a rapid advance in many sections. It is, however, impossible to forecast the attitude of the public, and everything depends on that. Among the speculative markets it seems that Oils have the best chance, although they are perhaps the most speculative of all.

THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY.

(From an Irish Correspondent.)

THE Derry riots and the dispute concerning the conduct of the police must make an obscure subject for Englishmen; and are not perhaps to be properly understood except by those now resident in Ulster. The general question that has been raised is one of extreme interest and delicacy, and most difficult to determine. It has for some time been a matter for speculation both among Unionists and Nationalists in Ireland how far the revival of Home Rule and the apparent imminence of a Dublin Parliament had affected the Royal Irish Constabulary, a body which has hitherto been identified by the Nationalists with hostility to Irish political aspirations. This force is, and has always been, chiefly recruited in Nationalist Ireland, and from the same class which produces the priest, the agitator, and sometimes the M.P. The happy farmer with three sons, the first of whom will remain on the soil, the second of whom will enter the Church, the third of whom will become a member of the Constabulary, is a familiar generalisation of the journalist. This third son is not asked to be particularly intelligent, but, like the second son—who has to be good at his books—he is often handsome in a lackadaisical sort of way, besides being a man of fine physique. To judge by appearance the virtues of the Irish police are usually negative. They are a decent type of Irishman, but not the best or rarest. It is not at all extraordinary that, having put on a uniform, they should be loyal to their employers, who are the British Government. There is no need to sentimentalise over the R.I.C. because it has presided at many evictions and dispersed illegal Nationalist assemblies. To be surprised at the loyalty of the R.I.C. in the past, and excessively grateful for it, is to suppose that Irish human nature is not as other human nature. And, in fact, Ulster Unionists—whatever may be the case with the Southern Unionists—have never had any illusions on the point. As long as they believed that the Government was actuated by fair intentions towards themselves, they had no occasion to inquire into the character and political opinions of the men who looked after their lives and property; although, being for the most part militant Protestants, they had never the enthusiasm for the "Force" which prevails among Unionists in the south and west of Ireland. Belfast has always wished to be treated like Dublin, and to have a body of police of its own.

The Ulster Unionists now have to deal with a hostile Government, and, therefore, they believe, with

a hostile police. The political origin of the R.I.C. must be borne in mind. It was intended—to make no bones about the matter—to be a force which should be especially fitted to deal with the periodical crises produced by Irish Nationalist agitation. There were days when Nationalism seemed to British statesmen to stand for plunder, disorder, and persecution. In the eyes of Ulster Nationalism still stands for these things. Now that the Government proposes to establish an ascendancy of this Nationalism, the Ulster Unionists feel, politics and faction-fighting apart, that they no longer enjoy the ordinary protection of citizens. The discovery which they profess to have made is a more important one than that the R.I.C., a predominantly Roman Catholic body, is liable to display some partiality in quelling riots that are aroused by sectarian passion.

One must make allowances, however, for the condition of mind in which Ulstermen find themselves; their general representation of the riots in Derry suggests jangled nerves. The evidence that the police acted more than once with unnecessary violence towards Protestants is very strong; and there is not a Unionist in Derry who is not convinced that the result of a sworn inquiry would discredit the Force. But it is ridiculous to say that the Royal Irish Constabulary is already taking its orders from the Ancient Order of Hibernians! The Nationalists, as will have been noticed, carefully refrained from championing their old enemies. Their crowd cheered the soldiers but not the police. "A political dodge"—this was all they could urge in objection to the proposal for an inquiry. Facts from other parts of Ireland prove, or appear to prove, that the traditional dislike of the people for the Royal Irish Constabulary is still fostered by Nationalists. The police are commonly excluded from membership of the Gaelic Athletic Associations and similar institutions. At the same time, it is equally ridiculous to say that the R.I.C. does not concern itself at all with the way in which the wind is blowing in the world of Anglo-Irish politics. Newspapers are read in barracks; a Liberal journalist tells us that like every other class in Ireland the police are better educated and less prone to violence than they used to be, probably because they study politics and read the newspapers! Certainly Sir Edward Carson had good ground for his reference to the isolation of the Protestant constable. The sectarian aspect need not be exaggerated; but it is there. Protestant and Roman Catholic policemen do not quarrel among themselves; they may even be good comrades; but the strain of the present situation is felt. There is assuredly not a Protestant constable in Derry who does not think that much trouble would have been avoided if no police had been imported from the South.

Apologists among the Southern Irish Unionists admit, as it is significant to notice, that there has been some deterioration in the physique and standing of the Force. They rightly attribute this to the fact that the R.I.C. is now one of the worst paid bodies in the United Kingdom. Sir Henry Blake, as an old officer and an Irish Resident Magistrate, has pointed out that whilst the pay of the English and Scotch police has been increased, the pay of the R.I.C. has been practically stationary for the last thirty years. Sir Neville Chamberlain holds that one can thus account for the decrease in the number of Protestant recruits. Apparently the R.I.C. is now nine-tenths Roman Catholics. The reluctance of the Ulstermen to enlist will not be removed by recent events in Derry. From Mr. Redmond's point of view these disclosures are made at an inapt moment. One of the great economies of an Irish Parliament was to be in the police, who were represented as being at the same time the main safeguard of the Protestant minority.

BY SEA AND AIR.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

GREAT endeavours have great results. Sometimes the results are not visible or apparent at all to those who make and witness the endeavours; but result there always is, in exact proportion to the extent and character of the endeavour. The most unusual kind of result is what we call complete success or complete failure; and the things called success or failure can rarely be accurately described in those terms when they have been subjected to the test of time.

We have witnessed in England during the last week a great endeavour: the endeavour of one man to fly with about a ton of dead weight through the air round the coast of Great Britain, alighting only on the sea. The end of Mr. Hawker's adventure with his hydro-aeroplane has been described by some as success, by others as failure; but it would be more true to say that it was a great endeavour which has had and which will have a great result. Things happen by such gradual stages that our sense of wonder, being led on from step to step, is tamed of its nature and cheated of its substance. If ten years ago this feat had suddenly been performed it would have appeared to us as a veritable prodigy—that a man should climb into a machine incongruously constructed of light canvas and bamboo and wire and heavy weights of metal, and on it soar up off the face of the sea into the teeth of a gale, and battle through it for hours at the speed of an express railway train, and alight again on the water like a duck returning to its element. But the thing has been accomplished while we are still rubbing our eyes with astonishment at the mere suggestion of its being done. Mr. Hawker's great feat marks practically the end of the initial stage in this matter—the stage of experiment as to whether it can be done at all; marks also the beginning of a new stage, which will be concerned simply with the organisation of doing it and the evolution of methods by which it can be done most certainly and securely.

The greatness of the achievement is not to be measured by the actual thing accomplished, but by the degree of difficulty overcome in accomplishing it. I have no doubt that in ten years it will be a perfectly simple thing for any active, cool-headed person to encircle Great Britain on a flying machine; just as to-day it is a perfectly simple thing for such a person to drive a motor-car from Paris to Bordeaux. Ten or twelve years ago driving such a machine was a matter of extreme difficulty and danger, demanding the highest powers of endurance and a high degree of perseverance and ingenuity. And I doubt whether anyone except the man who actually flies can imagine the degree of courage and of perseverance, as well as of mental alertness and nervous control, that are called for in such a feat as that which this young Australian has accomplished. There are many feats which require a reckless and headlong courage; there are many others which require cool judgment and delicacy of nerve; but there is none, I imagine, which demands all these qualities together so rigorously as long-distance flying. The dashing courage and reckless daring have to be exerted for hours on end; and the nicety of observation and coolness of judgment have to be exercised, not in a silent room or an armchair, but up in the air among invisible buffeting forces that may come upon you without warning from any direction; and with Death, who has in this case the usually friendly force of Gravity as his ally, waiting beneath you. His are the arms waiting to catch you, and if through any momentary failure of nerve or caution you make the slightest mistake, you cannot stop and take a rest and pull yourself together; you cannot, as in swimming, turn on your back and float until you have recovered your strength; you must go on and move, or stop and die. You cannot jump out and abandon your vehicle to its own devices—or, if you do, both you and it will perish. You and it are part of each other. Without

your constant guidance and control the machine will lose its winging life and fall like a stone; and if any part of the machine fails you, no courage or quickness of yours can save you. Living things indeed these flimsy contrivances of sticks and strings and canvas must seem to their pilots; wonderful indeed must be the sense of unity between the living brain and the dead material which, embodying its theories and ideas, expressing its belief that man can fly in the air, soars with it under its instant direction to the conquest of the new element.

Lord Northcliffe could not make a better use of the great power and circulation of the "Daily Mail" than in fostering and stimulating this noble adventure and interesting the public in it. For on these summer days, wherever this machine has flown, it has excited a most wholesome interest and left a train of awakened thought in its track. All round England people playing on golf links, or sailing out at sea in boats, or walking on beach or pier or sea-front, have heard its strange drumming note in the air, and turned their faces to scan the blue heavens. I was swimming in the Suffolk seas when I first heard it, and, following the sudden arrest of movement and fixed upward gaze of people on the shore, saw a faint mark in the clear sky to the south, where the drumming noise came from. I turned on my back to watch it pass over. Something that seemed less solid than a bird, more like a butterfly than a bird, was apparently floating or drifting with a gentle undulation northward. It was travelling at fully sixty miles an hour; but so vague and distant was the background that there was nothing by which the eye could estimate the speed of its passage except the briefness of the time during which it was in view. The thought that there were two living men up there in the sunny sky, swathed in strange garments, and with the roar of wind and the scream of machinery in their ears—men carrying food, compasses, maps, charts, and even a change of clothing, was incredible. It seemed like the kind of thing which one is told and receives with the outward ear, but does not believe or accept with the intelligence. And how little the people realised the nature and degree of this amazing miracle may be gauged from the fact that five minutes after the machine had disappeared they were nearly all thinking and talking of something else; and one old longshoreman, who had never seen a flying machine in his life before, lazily gazing up at it from his seat on the hot stones of the beach, uttered as sole comment the words: "I don't 'old with them things", and immediately resumed his task of sorting bathing towels.

Those who have carefully read the accounts of this flight will be aware that it was no lucky progress, miraculously free from accident, from the Solent to Dublin Bay. There were many accidents and incidents, troubles which arose in the delicate machinery whose task it was to hold up this ton weight and drive it through the air without an instant's faltering. The fact that Mr. Hawker had to come down and deal with these on several occasions is proof that even in this amazing business slight accidents and defects can be dealt with and remedied without interfering with the essential progress of the flight. The only thing which surely ought not to have happened was the leakage of the floats which allowed them to become water-logged, and caused Mr. Hawker and his passenger a heavy expenditure of valuable time and strength. With all these difficulties he dealt practically, swiftly, and efficiently, and it was in a way an excess of caution which made him descend in Lough Shinny. But it was also, we must not forget, a momentary failure and mistake of his own which caused the machine to fall and break; and it was really more of a triumph for the hydro-aeroplane that its failure was due to the pilot than it was a discredit to the pilot that his failure was due to his own fault and not that of the machine. But indeed there can be no such word as "discredit" breathed with regard to this brave affair. It is one more glorious triumph over the impossible, and one more reminder that while the world lasts there will

never be lacking tasks for human courage, challenges to human adventure, nor courage to accept the challenges and accomplish the tasks.

AT SANCHIDRIAN.

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

IT was full harvest-time throughout Castile. The corn, short in the stalk and light, as is all corn that ripens early, stood ready to be reaped. In places it had been already cut, and lay in sheaves upon the ground. In others it was cut and carried, and again, between some patches, carts loaded high were creaking through the fields, if the word field can be applied to ground that has no hedges or divisions visible to any other eyes than those accustomed from their birth to the brown plains. Across the dusty, calcined steppe the Sud-Express had crawled since daybreak, stopping at every wayside station, jolting and creaking like a bullock wagon. The passengers had long ceased to look out, and sat perspiring in their darkened berths, for the Castilian plain in summer is not for eyes accustomed to see beauty only in places where even nature puts on a sort of easy, meretricious dress and decked in pine woods, set with hills and waterfalls, seems to invite the applause of travelling photographers. Castile only reveals itself to those who know it under every aspect, wind-swept and drear in winter, sun-baked in summer, and at all times adust and stern, a mere wide steppe bounded by distant clearly-cut hills, from which nothing is to be expected, but strange effects of light.

On every side, right up to where it joined the distant hills, stretched the brown plain. The sun had scorched the very trunks of trees till they appeared to suffer and to be about to burst, just as they crack and suffer in a frost. The only flowers left alive were a few yellow thistles and some clumps of artemisia, which reared their heads, as it were, in defiance of the sun. Long lines of men mounted on donkeys crossed between the fields of stubble and of corn. The Castilian summer had turned them black as Arabs, and their sad, high-pitched songs, as they kept on their way indomitably in the fiery heat, seemed to complete the likeness to the men from whom they had inherited all that they knew of agriculture.

Over the steppe, the narrow line of railway formed the connecting link with the outside world, the world of newspapers, of motor-cars, of aviation and of telephones. Glistening bright in the sun, like a steel ribbon, ran the line. It passed by little tile-roofed towns, each clustering round its church, brown and remote—towns where a sandy unpaved street ran out until it lost itself in the great plain; towns only joined to one another by a narrow track meandering through the corn-fields, or the sparse round-topped pine-woods, tracks that avoided all the obstacles, passing round little, stony hills and following water-courses till they came on a shallow place to cross. Often the towns were only visible like ships hull down, the church towers seemingly hung in the air without foundations, they were so far off from the line. The train jogged on, passing by Ataques, Palacios de Goda, Arévalo and Adanero and other little stations, where no one possibly could have got in or out since first the line was laid. It entered them and stopped under some little dust-laden acacias or China-trees, a man emerged and called the station's name, adding "a minute" or "two minutes" as the case might be, although the train was just as likely to stop ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, whilst the electric bell twittered so faintly that at times one was not sure if it was really an electric bell that sounded or only crickets in the sand chirping metallically. Sometimes a horse stood blinking in the sun, tied to a post, a gun upon the heavy old-world saddle and a brown blanket hanging from the pommel, almost to the ground; sometimes some charcoal-burners' mules stood waiting to be unloaded, and generally some ragged-looking fowls, half-buried in the sand, were squatted at the lee-side of

the round, mud-topped oven, striving to dodge the heat. Occasionally a half-dressed woman peeped from a window, her blue-black hair wild as a pony's mane, holding the blind between her teeth as she looked out upon the train. Such were the stations, mere islands in a sea of brown; each one the faithful copy of the other, and every one of them cheaply constructed and sun-bleached till they had all become as much a part and parcel of the landscape as the mud houses with their red-tiled eaves.

So from one little, ill-built point of contact with the world to the next, as ill-built as the last, the train crept on, the heat increasing and the subtil air becoming more diaphanous, so that the distant mountains almost appeared to be transparent, and the dead haulms of fennel and of mullein to stand out so clearly that they looked like trees.

Herd of black cattle stood by dried-up water-holes, occasionally a bullock licked the earth where it appeared almost like china, glazed and polished as it had dried and baked, and then stamping and bellowing slowly walked back into the herd. Brown shepherds stood immovable as posts, their shadows forming a refuge for their dogs, their flocks all huddled in a ring, with their heads crouched low upon the ground, to escape their enemy, the sun. Nature stood silent in the violet haze, and as the train rattled across the ill-closed catch-points outside another little station, a porter called out in a long-drawn melody "Sanchidrian, five minutes", and the express came alongside the platform, the engine throbbing as if it were something living and glad to be at rest. A goods train standing just outside the station bore the inscription, written with a piece of chalk, "No water in Velayos", and the whole plain looked parched and suffering as if the rain of fire that fell from heaven upon it had burned into its heart. No passengers stood waiting, even the little groups of country people that generally throng Spanish stations, making the platform a public promenade, were missing, for Sanchidrian itself was distant from the line.

The weary stationmaster in his gold-laced cap and uniform frock-coat was, with the porter who had called the station's name, the only living thing except two nearly naked children, sitting by the draw-well, and a lean yellow dog. The five minutes that the train ought to have remained might just as well have been abridged to one, or, on the other hand, drawn out to twenty, and no one would have cared, had not, emerging from a cloud of dust, a rider come up to the hitching-post, dismounted hurriedly, and holding in his hand his saddle-bags, walked quickly to the open door, at which the cooks and waiters of the dining-car stood trying to catch a little air. "Friends", he said, taking off his hat and passing his brown hand across his forehead, "have you any ice?" They stared at him as he stood in his short black jacket edged with imitation astrakhan, his tight grey trousers strapped inside the leg with the same cloth from which they had been made, his black serge sash showing beneath his waistcoat with its silver buckles, and his red worsted saddle-bags, tasselled and fringed, thrown over his right shoulder and hanging down his back.

"Ice, why of course we have it", said the waiter; "who in this heat could live without it shut in the hot train?" answered the conductor, interested and glad to have the opportunity of a chance word with anyone outside his little world.

The horseman, who looked anxiously at the somnolent train out of the corner of his eye as if it were a colt that might spring forward at any minute and leave him in the lurch, began again: "You could not live without ice here in this train, you say, eh? My father cannot die without it. For days the fever has consumed him, and in the night, listening to every hour the watchman calls, he says 'Miguel', that is my name—Miguel Martinez, at your service—I could die easier if I had some ice . . . a little ice to put upon my forehead and between my lips." Ice in Sanchidrian! As well go out to gather artichokes at sea. To-day he seemed just going, and the priest said to me, 'Miguel,

saddle the Jerezano and go down and meet the train; there they have ice, for certainly those who travel by it must drink cool'. So I have come; say, can you spare me a lump of ice, for what I spoke about?"

The electric bell stopped twittering, and the porter called "Passengers aboard", but still the train stood at the platform, although the engine-driver had clambered slowly to his post. He whistled, and the couplings tightened with a jerk, just as a waiter holding a lump of ice about as big as a large loaf came to the door, wrapping it as he walked in straw. He gave it to the horseman who stood waiting in the sun. "A thousand thanks", he said. "A son thanks you in his father's name. What is the value of this piece of ice?" The man who gave it, and the little knot of cooks and waiters standing at the open door of the long dining-car as the train began to move, looked at each other, and one said "Friend, we do not sell our ice, it is not ours to sell. Moreover, may it relieve your father". Miguel, now walking swiftly by the moving train, said: "Once again, a thousand thanks; take, then, this packet of cigars", and handed to the last man he could reach one of those bundles of ill-rolled salitrose-looking parcels of cigars sold in the estancos of small Spanish towns.

The train swung on and rumbled past him, leaving him standing for a moment in the heat, waving his hand to the white-clad cooks and waiters grouped on the platform of the dining-car. Miguel stood waiting till it had cleared the station, and then, walking outside to where his horse stood waiting, unhitched him and threw the saddle-bags across the saddle, then gathering his reins in his left hand he mounted in one motion, and settling himself drew out an olive switch which he had left sticking between the pommel and his horse's back; then having felt the lump of ice with his right hand, touched his horse with the spur and set his face towards his home. Putting the butt-end of his cigarette behind his ear, Miguel struck out into the road. The thick white dust lay on the narrow track like snow, dulling the horse's footfalls and giving him the look of shuffling in his gait, although Miguel, holding his reins high and a little to the near side of the high pommel, and with his spurs dangling behind the cinch, kept him up to the full stretch of the Castilian pace.

His olive face, under his broad-brimmed, grey, felt hat with its straight brim, looked anxiously ahead, and when his little, nervous horse had got well warmed and the dried sweat melted again upon the skin, Miguel, feeling him with his legs, put him to a slow gallop, now and again putting his hand behind the saddle to feel how the precious lump of ice was standing the fierce sun.

A constant dripping through the worsted saddle-bags warned him to hurry, so he pressed on, passing long lines of mules laden with charcoal or with great nets of straw, and men on donkeys, who looked at him with wonder as he flew past them at three-quarter speed upon the road. Some of them merely said "Adios", and others shouted inquiries as to his haste, but he in every case answered with a wave of his hand and pressed his spurs into the cinch. He passed through groves of olive-trees, silvery, gnarled and secular, under whose scanty shade men sat, eating their mid-day meal, their broad-brimmed hats lying beside them on the ground, their close-shaved heads wrapped in old-fashioned, blue checked handkerchiefs, tied in a knot behind.

As he passed in a cloud of dust, pointing to their olives and their bread and to their leathern skins of wine, they made the gesture of inviting him to eat, and he returned their courtesy by a movement of his hand, taking a pull upon his horse as the track grew steeper and stonier, as it ran through an aromatic waste of cistus and wild thyme. His heavy Arab stirrups brushed through the sticky cistus which grew on each side of the narrow, sandy path, till they became all coated with their gum and everything stuck to them as if they had been smeared with birdlime.

Butterflies hovered over the great, white flowers, and lizards ran up tree-trunks, pausing and looking round

just before they disappeared from view. From the recesses of the waste came an incessant hum of insects, and now and then a flight of locusts shot across the path, and plunged into the bushes, just as a school of flying fish sinks into a wave.

The hot half-hour between the bushes, struggling through the sand, had told its tale upon the gallant, little horse, whose heaving flanks, distended nostrils and protruding eyes showed that he had almost had enough. When they emerged again into the plain and saw the little brown-roofed town, only a short league away, Miguel dismounted for a moment, and after slackening his cinch anxiously secured his saddle-bags, from which large drops of moisture fell upon the ground. Tightening his girth again, he mounted, and the Jerezano, who had stood head to wind, responding to the spur, struck into a short gallop, his rider holding him together and pressing him with both his legs into his bit.

They passed a threshing-floor on which a troop of mares was being driven round to thresh the corn, followed by a man seated upon some hurdles laid on a heavy stone. The floor itself was white and shiny, and seemed as hard as marble, trodden by the horses' feet. Near it some sun-burned men threw grain into the air with wooden spades to winnow it, and as Miguel passed by upon the road they called out to him, giving him the time of day and asking how his father was; but to them all he only waved his hand and pressed his spurs into his horse's sides, which now were red with blood.

Outside the town the track passed through the bed of a dry stream, and came out on the other bank on a paved causeway set with pebble-stones that led into the town. A heavy stumble on the stones showed him his horse was failing, and he pulled him back into a trot. Passing the straggling cottages, each with its corral for goats, he came into the little street, and as he rode by the church door he touched his hat and crossed himself as his horse slithered on the stones. Turning out of an angle of the little plaza with its stucco seats and dwarfed acacias, he came into a street in which the houses seemed of a richer sort of folk, his horse now beaten to a walk. As he neared one which had a roughly sculptured coat of arms over the doorway a sound of wailing fell upon his ears, and as he stopped and got off his horse, throwing the reins mechanically on the ground, a priest came out to meet him. "Miguel," he said, "your father, may God have pardoned him, has left this vale of tears more than an hour ago. The Lord in His great mercy, for the fever burned like fire in his veins, was pleased to make his parting easy, and for an hour before he died he murmured now and then 'How cool the ice is! It stills the throbbing of my forehead and slakes my thirst—my son Miguel rode for it to the train'."

Miguel turned to his horse, and taking from the saddle-bags the lump of ice, now little bigger than an apple, followed the priest into the great bare room, where on his bed his father's body lay. Round it stood weeping women, and the children in a corner of the room holding each other's hands stood gazing at the brown face that looked like walnut-wood against the linen of the bed.

Falling upon his knees, Miguel kissed the brown hands crossed on the chest, and then after a prayer he rose and put the precious lump of ice first on his father's forehead and then upon his lips. He crossed himself, and after having said some words of consolation to the women went out again to where in the hot sandy street his horse stood waiting, with his legs stretched a little forward and his head hanging to the ground. The sweat had made a little pattern in the sand as it dropped from his belly and his flanks. Miguel slowly undid the girths, and taking off the bridle led the horse into the stable, and after throwing hay upon the manger, went back into the room.

The priest was praying, and the sobbing of the women sounded like surf upon a beach, whilst from outside the crickets' chirping filled the air with its wild melody. Far to the south the Sud-Express still crept along its narrow ribbon of bright rails towards Madrid.

THE FIGHT AT THE BRIDGE OF VERA.

31 AUGUST—1 SEPTEMBER 1813.

By COLONEL WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

EXACTLY one hundred years ago, on the last day of August 1813, whilst Wellington was attacking San Sebastian, Soult made his second attempt to give a helping hand to his countrymen in distress in that fortress and at Pamplona. On this day the Light Division were holding a position near the River Bidassoa above the little hamlet of Vera some fifteen miles from San Sebastian. At dawn a thick fog prevailed, but as it cleared, about 8 o'clock, three French divisions under Clausel crossed the Bidassoa by the fords below Vera and some sharp, if desultory, fighting with the allied troops took place amid the tumbled mass of hills on the left bank. About 3 P.M. a tremendous tornado of wind and rain burst over the combatants and put an end to the fighting, the French falling back to recross the Bidassoa. Clausel crossed before dark with two of his brigades and ordered Vandermaesen to follow with the remainder. Vandermaesen upon reaching the Bidassoa found it in furious flood and his retreat cut off. His one chance of escape was to march up the river and attempt to pass by the Bridge of Vera. Early in the morning the French had detached a strong force to guard their left flank on the right bank of the Bidassoa from any movement of the British at Vera and if possible to seize the bridge there. Here a Company of the 2nd Battalion 95th Rifles (now the Rifle Brigade) was posted, holding the bridge and a small house beyond it as a *tête-de-pont*. The Commander was Captain Daniel Cadoux, a Rifle officer who had served in the Buenos Ayres Expedition in 1807 and in many a fight in the Peninsula from Barrosa onward. The reason for this weak garrison for a most important point must now be given. The Light Division was at this time under the command of an officer of great personal courage but who was notorious for his feeble conduct as a general. Before the French attack developed, the Brigade-Major (afterwards so widely known as Sir Harry Smith) urged upon his chief to support the isolated Company on the bridge, and upon his refusing said "Our men will fight like devils expecting to be supported and their loss when driven out will be very severe". Soon afterwards a big French column under cover of a cloud of skirmishers bore down and quickly drove out the Riflemen with heavy loss and seized the bridge. It was now that Colonel Colborne who had been a passive spectator of his Chief's incompetence and of its direful results advanced with the gallant 52nd and retaking the bridge cleared the house of the French. The bridge was untenable unless the position held by the Light Division were taken and the French, realising this, broke off the action and withdrew. So far so good. But now it was that the British General surpassed his first blunder by still declining to allow the bridge to be held in strength, and in defiance of the protests of the officers, who wanted to post the 2nd Battalion 95th Rifles and the 52nd at the bridge, he ordered a piquet of only one officer and thirty men to hold it. By the fortune of war the first officer for piquet was Captain Cadoux. He had already lost so heavily in the morning's fight that he asked to be allowed to "keep the remains of his Company, some fifty men, with him". This was granted and he marched off, saying, as he did so "I'll hold the bridge until supported, so when the attack commences, instantly send the whole battalion to me and please God I'll keep the bridge". These were his last words to his brother officers.

The night was wet and stormy and the roar of the river through the rocky defile made it hard to hear any sound of an enemy advancing. The night passed without any event until, a little before 3 A.M., Vandermaesen having toiled up the left bank suddenly appeared before the bridge and made a furious attack on it. The double sentries

on the bridge were bayoneted and the first alarm to our troops in reserve was given by the shrill cries of the French officers "En avant, en avant, l'Empereur récompensera le premier qui avancera", instantly followed, as described by one who was present, by a furious fire "as hot as ever fifty men's was on earth" from Cadoux's gallant band. Under cover of their own sharpshooters' fire the French columns made repeated rushes of a most determined nature on the small isolated party of Riflemen and eventually swept back Cadoux, who, fortified by "his hope and confidence in support and the importance of his position", fought on with the greatest intrepidity until he was shot dead. The French brigade thereupon poured across the bridge and made good its escape. Cadoux was supported by another weak company of the Rifles, and of the two companies, numbering altogether only about a hundred all ranks, all the officers and all the sergeants, as well as over half the Riflemen, were killed or wounded.

Harry Smith describes what he saw when he arrived at the bridge at daylight. "Such a scene of mortal strife from the fire of fifty men was never witnessed. The bridge was almost choked with the dead, the enemy's losses were enormous, and many of his men were drowned . . . the number of the dead was so great the bodies were thrown into the rapid stream. . . ." Writing of the gallant Cadoux he says "I wept over his gallant remains with a bursting heart, as, with his Company who adored him I consigned him to the grave", and adds "His fame can never die".

On 7 October, just five weeks later, Wellington forced the passage of the Pyrenees, driving the French from their entrenched positions on the heights just above the Bridge of Vera, the Rifles losing three officers and thirty men killed and six officers and over a hundred men wounded in this most hard-fought action.

When on a birdnesting expedition in the Pyrenees in 1899 I stopped at Vera and there learnt that the officers and men who had fallen in these almost forgotten fights had been buried in an old stable-yard close to the church. A tablet to one of the officers, Lieut. Hill, who fell, is let into the wall hard by.

Some ten years later King Edward VII., who for many years was Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade, visited Vera and was much interested in the matter, and it was then arranged that a memorial to the gallant Cadoux and those of the Rifles that fell at Vera in 1813 should be placed in the small "Plaza" of the village close below the old church and arrangements were made with the Alcalde to secure the site. This project is now about to be carried out. The Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade, the Duke of Connaught, has given his approval to the scheme and has desired me to act for him in arranging for the memorial, and I shall be glad to hear from anybody who may read this and feel inclined to support it.

Hartford Bridge, Winchfield.

"L'ÉCOLE DES CHARTES."

By V. HUSSEY WALSH.

THE Public Records of France and the private archives of French families have undergone endless vicissitudes. The Hundred Years' War kept the whole country in a constant state of turmoil and anarchy, whilst Valois and Plantagenet strove for the mastery of France. Where feudal castles were burnt, muniment rooms likewise perished. Parchments were therefore lodged for safe custody in England, and even at the present day many a Frenchman comes to consult the Gascon and Norman Rolls, which have of late years been transferred from the Tower of London to the Record Office. The religious wars of the sixteenth century, which drove Catholic and Huguenot into opposite camps, also brought much havoc in their train. Catholic and Protestant churches often suffered, and

with them perished the records of baptisms, marriages and burials. In the seventeenth century Richelieu wished to curtail the powers of the nobility and compelled them to raze their fortifications to the ground. If they resisted, their archives were necessarily scattered when their homes were sacked. The French Revolution was largely directed against those feudal rights which survived, and the pillage of the château was invariably followed by a bonfire whose object was the destruction of those parchments that established the right of the seigneur to feudal dues and other exactions; for the mob feared lest the noblesse should regret the day when they were publicly renounced and assert their old claims once more. The loss of these rights reduced families like the La Trémoilles, to whom over two hundred noble houses in the Poitou had done homage and paid dues, from affluence to comparative poverty, for they had but little private property of their own. The greatest disaster of all, affecting as it did all classes of the community, was the burning by the "Communards" of the Paris Hôtel de Ville in 1870, and with it the evidence of the baptisms, marriages and burials of Parisians for over four centuries. Attempts have, it is true, been made at reconstituting this evidence, but the work is inaccurate and by no means complete.

Notwithstanding these many disasters, an immense amount of material still remains, and the residue has been admirably classified. Catholic parish registers are most useful, as the names of both parents and the relationship of sponsors and witnesses are often given. Protestant registers where they still survive are not perhaps so complete, but they give more details than our churches do. Since the French Revolution the records of births, deaths and marriages are still fuller, and are kept both at the Mairie and at the Greffe of the Civil Tribunal, where the addition of annual and ten-yearly indexes simplifies the work of reference. On the other hand, the absence of a central organisation such as we have at Somerset House is a decided drawback, whilst the material previous to the sixteenth century is scantier in France than in England.

Thus existing material is better classified in France; but this superior classification is certainly due to the influence of the trained "archivistes" of whom ten may annually leave the "École des Chartes", many of whom secure appointments in the public offices and in the different French departments. This college was originally started in 1819; but it hardly came into proper working order until 1821, since when it has turned out nearly a thousand trained men. The decree of Louis XVIII. emphasised its object—the revival of a study which appealed to the genius of the French people and supplied to the "Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres" the means of promoting its work. Its aim was to train students who would concentrate their attention on the history of the Middle Ages, especially in France, men capable of understanding and classifying old documents. Thus a body of competent men have come into existence, and they have done much to bring those who wish it into contact not only with national but with provincial and local history; for no one can become an "archiviste" at the "Archives Nationales" in the Rue des Francs Bourgeois or the Keeper of the Records of a Department or of a town of any importance unless he has first secured his diploma as an "Archiviste Paléographe".

The first step is to pass the entrance examination to the Ecole des Chartes, then to follow its courses for three years, passing each year the necessary examination, concluding with a thesis on some original historical subject.

The training is thoroughly complete of its kind. During the first year the student follows three courses of lectures. M. E. Berger tells him how to decipher ancient documents, and especially how to understand Court hand and those difficult abbreviations which have been used at different periods. Many originals can be seen at the manuscript department of the "Bibliothèque Nationale" whilst the "Ecole des Chartes" can boast of a splendid collection of photographs and heliogravures. M. P. Meyer gives lectures on the philology

of the Romance language, where old Provençal and early French texts are translated and explained. M. Charles Morlet lectures every Monday on bibliography, which includes the history of the book, the earlier forms of printing and of bookbinding, as well as on the art of classifying and cataloguing a library in sections and sub-sections so as to enable the librarian to find the works he wants with the least possible delay. At the conclusion of this first year's course both "viva voce" and written examinations have to be passed. The written examination includes the transcription and translation of Latin and Provençal texts, and questions on bibliography. The "viva voce" examination includes the deciphering of Latin and French charters, the translation of a Latin charter and questions on the history of France and on Romance philology.

During the second year M. M. Prou lectures on the science of critically examining deeds and charters and the detection of forgeries by a careful comparison of the formulas and methods of dating documents at different periods. M. I. Roy delivers courses on the history of French political, administrative and judicial institutions down to 1804. M. H. F. Delaborde gives an exhaustive account of how such original materials for the history of France down to the sixteenth century as chronicles, letters and annals can best be studied, whilst M. Lelong shows how public records have been examined and classified in the past and are catalogued to-day. At the conclusion of the second year another examination is held. The "viva voce" includes the deciphering of a text of the Middle Ages and questions on the various subjects of the lectures such as the critical examination of documents, the history of French institutions, the original sources of French history and the classification of records. During the third year M. P. Viollet lectures on the history of Civil and Canon Law; M. E. Lefevre Pontalis on the civil, military and religious archaeology and architecture of the Middle Ages; whilst M. H. F. Delaborde concludes his course on the criticism of the sources of French history. The ensuing examination is concentrated on the lectures followed during the year. The student must then expound his thesis in public and be able to face an examination of the materials which he has consulted. When all these tests have been faced successfully he leaves the Ecole des Chartes with the diploma of an "Archiviste Paléographe", which qualifies him for the Government appointments already mentioned, as well as for those of assistant in a public library or for the publication of unpublished documents on the history of France, and for appointments in the gift of the Institute of France, or as professor and secretary in the Ecole des Chartes. Should he fail to secure any of these appointments he may claim to share in the sum of 1400 francs a year which is divided amongst those who have no other means of livelihood. It must be added that many of those who pass through this college are men of independent means who do so with the object of securing a training which qualifies them not only to classify their own family papers but for the investigation of original documents. France has certainly reason to congratulate herself on the possession of a body of men who have simplified for her the work of examining and expounding the sources of her national local, social, civil, religious and military history.

TALES OF THE CITIES.

By LORD DUNSANY.

I.—THE CITY.

IN time as well as in space my fancy roams far from here. It led me once to the edge of certain cliffs that were low and red and rose up out of a desert: a little way off in the desert there was a city. It was evening, and I sat and watched the city.

Presently I saw men by threes and fours come softly stealing out of that city's gate to the number of about twenty. I heard the hum of men's voices speaking at

evening. "It is well they are gone", they said. "It is well they are gone. We can do business now. It is well they are gone." And the men that had left the city sped away over the sand and so passed into the twilight.

"Who are these men?" I said to my glittering leader.

"The poets", my fancy answered. "The poets and artists."

"Why do they steal away?" I said to him. "And why are the people glad that they have gone?"

He said, "It must be some doom that is going to fall on the city; something has warned them and they have stolen away. Nothing may warn the people".

I heard the wrangling voices, glad with commerce, rise up from the city. And then I also departed, for there was an ominous look on the face of the sky.

And only a thousand years later I passed that way; and there was nothing, even among the weeds, of what had been that city.

II.—NATURE AND TIME.

THROUGH the streets of Coventry one winter's night strode a triumphant spirit. Behind him stooping, unkempt, utterly ragged, wearing the clothes and look that outcasts have, whining, weeping, reproaching, an ill-used spirit tried to keep pace with him. Continually she plucked him by the sleeve and cried out to him as she panted after and he strode resolute on.

It was a bitter night, yet it did not seem to be the cold that she feared, ill-clad though she was, but the trams and the ugly shops and the glare of the factories, from which she continually winced as she hobbled on, and the pavement hurt her feet. He that strode on in front seemed to care for nothing; it might be hot or cold, silent or noisy, pavement or open fields; he merely had the air of striding on.

And she caught up and clutched him by the elbow. I heard her speak in her unhappy voice, you scarcely heard it for the noise of the traffic.

"You have forgotten me", she complained to him. "You have forsaken me here."

She pointed to Coventry with a wide wave of her arm and seemed to indicate other cities beyond. And he gruffly told her to keep pace with him and that he did not forsake her. And she went on with her pitiful lamentation.

"My anemones are dead for miles", she said; "all my woods are fallen, and still the cities grow. My child Man is unhappy, and my other children are dying, and still the cities grow and you have forgotten me!"

And then he turned angrily on her, almost stopping in that stride of his that began when the stars were made.

"When have I ever forgotten you", he said, "or when forsaken you ever? Did I not throw down Babylon for you? And is not Nineveh gone? Where is Persepolis that troubled you? Where Tarshish and Tyre? And you have said I forget you."

And at this she seemed to take a little comfort. I heard her speak once more, looking wistfully at her companion.

"When will the fields come back and the grass for my children?"

"Soon, soon", he said; then they were silent. And he strode away, she limping along behind him, and all the clocks in the towers chimed as he passed.

III.—THE FOOD OF DEATH.

DEATH was sick. But they brought him bread that the modern bakers make, whitened with alum, and the tinned meats of Chicago, with a pinch of our modern substitute for salt. They carried him into the dining-room of a great hotel (in that close atmosphere Death breathed more freely), and there they gave him their cheap Indian tea. They brought him a bottle of wine that they called champagne. Death drank it up. They bought a newspaper and looked up the patent medicines; they gave him the foods that it recommended

for invalids, and a little medicine as prescribed in the paper. They gave him some milk and borax such as children drink in England.

Death arose ravening, strong, and strode again through the cities.

IV.—TAKING UP PICCADILLY.

GOING down Piccadilly one day and nearing Grosvenor Place I saw, if my memory is not at fault, some workmen with their coats off—or so they seemed. They had pickaxes in their hands and wore corduroy trousers and that little leather band below the knee that goes by the astonishing name of "York-to-London".

They seemed to be working with peculiar vehemence so that I stopped and asked one what they were doing.

"We are taking up Piccadilly," he said to me.

"But at this time of year?" I said. "Is it usual in June?"

"We are not what we seem," said he.

"Oh, I see," I said; "you are doing it for a joke."

"Well, not exactly that," he answered me.

"For a bet?" I said.

"Not precisely," said he.

And then I looked at the bit that they had already picked, and though it was broad daylight over my head it was darkness down there, all full of the southern stars.

"It was noisy and bad and we grew weary of it," said he that wore corduroy trousers. "We are not what we appear."

They were taking up Piccadilly altogether.

OLD WOMEN.

"AN old wife's tale." "He's an old woman." So does a man express his contempt for another man in the briefest form he knows. "Silly old thing" is the feminine, more especially a girl's, variant. In this brevity there is no wit. An old man is sometimes a pitiful spectacle, an old woman hardly ever. Very often pathetic, she may excite pity, but in the pity there will be no contempt, only regard. Aged women will not serve as laughing-stocks; the proverbial phrase is false even than most proverbs. In fact does anyone ever feel inclined to laugh at an old woman because she is old? Decency might account for our not laughing at her, but do we in our hearts feel inclined to? If one runs over in his mind the old women he knows, from the aristocratic great old lady to the old widow in the cottage or the ancient fishwife, not one of them is a figure to dismiss with contempt. It would not strike any of us to do it. Very wisely; for old women unlike most old men seem to gather wit with age and are keenest in the last phase. There are, and have always been, far more brilliant old women than brilliant young ones. Many an old woman can talk politics with any man, and throw into her talk a point and verve that none who is not a fool will be at all inclined to trifle with. If he does, he will certainly be pricked. Her mind seems to expand with years, taking a larger interest in the world and everything around her than she did in middle age. She cares for bigger things. Hence she is less fond of scandal. Nearly all, both men and women, are fond of personal talk, which is seldom not scandalous at all, but the idea that old women are especially fond of it is quite untrue. Age seems to affect women, at any rate all the best women, as the sun perfects fruit. Years seem to purge away most of the distinctively feminine faults. The petulance, the cunning, the underhandedness, the silliness, the thirst for admiration, the craving to attract, die down, and the finer qualities grow over the place they leave. Neither is beauty lost. No doubt an old woman can be preternaturally, infernally, ugly; but it is because she is bad. No good old woman is ugly. Look at a group of them in an almshouse; a great artist will find much more worth painting in them than in a bevy of girls. Every one of us knows some old lady obviously more beautiful than any young woman ever could be.

What is finer than the stately old aristocrat, in her dignified black lace bright against her white hair? Every movement of her mittened hand is a thing of grace; and her voice and words agree. The æsthetic appeal of a poor old woman's face is so obvious as to have become hackneyed. Every painter has felt it. Everyone, not a blank philistine, who has been amongst the working classes, has felt it. Ruskin felt it: necessarily.

And old women are interesting. To tell the truth, not many young women are. (We have not said young men are.) Childhood and youth has the interest of the future, the unknown. Once that is resolved, only age, the store of long years, can bring again the interest that has gone. Now it is the interest of the past. And women acquire this with much less drawback than do most men. The lines of an old woman's face who has brought up and launched a family on the world are a moving story. Alone, her life's work done, she sits and contemplates the past and waits calmly for the future. She is generally happy. So unphilosophic in the hey-day, most old women are more philosophic than old men. They seem to chafe less. They are "waiting for the consolation of Israel". Nearing the end does not as a rule seem to bring the undiscovered country within view of us mortals. Most of us are of this world until we are of another. And this is true of most excellent Christians as well as of others. While they live and have their being in this world, they cannot see beyond. It has nothing to do with belief or faith. But there are some, and oftenest old women, in whom one seems to see the soul actually taking on the hue of the heavenly kingdom which it is nearing. Not detached from the present, still full of interest in all around—nothing trance-like nor ecstatic—it takes the other world into this. The face gets more and more spiritualised, more etherealised, until it seems impossible to hold it here any longer. As St. Paul would say, for such a one to depart and be with Christ is far better. He who has had an old mother and watched this transformation will put nothing beside it. If one had to write a last word, he could hardly say anything truer than that the most lovable of all things is an old woman.

FAREWELL TO THE FARM.

By JOHN HALSHAM.

THE Sunday broods still and close upon the farm, the house and yard, the lanes and the half-derelected fields, with a deeper sense of Sabbath in this dead tide of the year than at any other season. Harvest is over, for the land lies warm and forward on the southern slope; the meadows are tanned and bare, the grey stubbles cleared; an afternoon of windless haze and low light gives a last touch to the picture of repose. The year seems at a stand; the harsh dry leaves, the dark solidity of the trees, the shorn levels of the fields tell of the pause in the annual impulse, a waste time between summer and the fall. And to anyone who knows that the farm is to change hands at Michaelmas, that the three brothers, who have worked it for some thirty years in succession to their father, are going to try their fortune in the Colonies, the Sabbath sense of harvest over and summer past might discover an almost oppressive power. In any August the sight of the half-tilled fields, the dirty fallows, the gapped and ragged hedges, would be discouraging: the harvest, once more hardly won in the endless struggle with the ground, the thought of particular waste of energies and local failures, besides the recollection of the general decay of the industry, are apt to stir a melancholy mood; but this year the conditions at Old House are beyond the common rate. The cropping has naturally been arranged with the departure in view; the roots and the weeds both show the touch of a perfunctory hand; the stacks in the yard are visibly built for strangers. The self-binder, the ploughs and drills have gone into the cart-shed for the last time; the horses are turned out in the cleared meadows until the sale. The farm takes holiday, while the masters are

busy with preparations for their fresh beginning on the other side of the world.

Two, at least, of the brothers, give all their minds to the coming change, talking and thinking with a restless expectancy, as if they were in their twenties instead of well past the middle of life. The third, some ten years older than the others, lends but a listless hand to the preparations. Matthew Brooker is not like his brothers; a mild-mannered and somewhat melancholy man, a considerable reader, an observer of nature in a loose and aimless way, with a defective sense of the meaning of money, the active pair long since left him out of the reckoning, and took to themselves his share in the government of the farm, rightly enough weighing his lack of fibre to tackle either the landlord's agent or the dealers at the weekly market. It was only when the question of going to Canada arose that Matthew's innate conservatism found a voice to protest; for a time he fought with unexpected obstinacy, but finally lapsed into his accustomed silence. Notice to leave was given, the sale arranged for, the passages for all three were taken, and Matthew made no sign. If John and Harry go, he goes with them; to break the fellowship or divide the inheritance would make a greater wound than even the intolerable change of departure and beginning life again in a strange country.

On the Sunday afternoon he makes his wonted round of the farm, that is to be the last but five in the long sequence of habit whose beginning he can dimly remember as he followed his father across vast fields and awful woods. He turns out of the yard into the hollow lane, deep cut in the sand-rock by the farm traffic and the winter rains of centuries. The banks are hung with bramble and fern, showing only a touch of colour here and there, where ragwort, centaury or knapweed bloom among the dry and seeded grasses. All is sere and dusty; but to Matthew's eye the hedges bear far more meaning than when they were thick with primroses in early March. The coarse-textured, wire-stemmed flowers, the half-ripe blackberries among the pale purple blossoms, the deep, soft dust of the path, keeping the print of the moor-hen's and the rabbit's wanderings at daybreak, the wasps climbing one by one to the lip of their dark hole beneath the holly-roots and launching away in zig-zag curves down the lane; all take his mind with a curious insistence. Such trifles have filled the walks of forty years, and become an unreckoned part of his nature; the heat of anger which suddenly comes upon him at the thought of being taken away from the sight of such things is perhaps not so disproportionate as a stranger might judge it to be. They were his own possessions; the more obvious attachments to home or neighbourhood, to rooms or corners of the house, to common forms of use and habit in the day's round, brought no such sting of private loss.

At the top of the lane the bank and hedge sink to a gap, where Matthew took his accustomed station, leaning on the heave-gate that gives an outlook over the fields lying like a map along the hillside—fields with names containing a lost history, Ox Pasture, Cannon Mead, Tan Pit, Hollow Hills, Jericho, Paradise, Falkner's Field; and as he viewed the stubbles, the meadows, the widths of roots, the shaws and fallows round the homestead, the policy of emigration began to present itself under wider if less personally moving aspects. To his judgment—old-fashioned in these matters—the foulness of the land was not far from being a crime. The weeds, the overgrown ditches, the broken hedges, the soil, with no wholesome tilth on it, baked to iron hardness and cracked by the drought; is it these things which have driven them out of the holding and sent them to the world's end? Will the new land give a better return than the old, if worked on no more strenuous lines than these? Perhaps, after all, he guesses, indulging an old heresy, the land might have been made to pay well enough if they had treated it better, in the way that their father used to treat it; but it was long since Matthew gave up talking to his brothers on that head. And perhaps, after all, it did pay as much as a reasonable man ought to expect, who was not too much set on getting on, and was not

above working hard and steady himself. It had kept two generations of their stock, at least, in a settled sort of ease, which by all accounts they were not to expect in the new world to any large extent. Matthew reviewed the whole course of the proposal to leave the farm, from the first suggestions and the two-to-one debates to the final decision and the giving of notice behind his back. Through it all there was no more tangible argument for the change than a feeling in the air, a current of fashion, the spectacle of one's neighbours sailing for the Colonies one after another, allured by a persistent and inclusive propaganda of emigration. Was the bond that held a man to the land of his birth really not worth the loss of the difference between an assured five per cent. and a problematical twenty? And what if the twenty lay there in the soil all the time, still to be got out by honest farming? And suppose that the Canadian wheat-land was all that the agents told them, they were only running away from the real problem. Matthew was no economist, but he had an instinctive sense of the state of that country which thinks to grow its corn by deputy.

He passed on from the gate and made his round of the fields in due order, coming back down the hollow lane again as the light began to fail. In those far lands there would be no secular deep-worn paths for a man to seek quiet in, no broad hedge-sides to harbour fern and bramble, gay with waste of ragwort and hardhead, but only those burning, fenceless plains pictured in the "literature" of the emigration agencies, those colossal elevators by bewildering railway-tracks, the wharves where lie the steamers which bring the wheat, in exchange for the men who will return no more.

"VICISTI, GALILÆE."

HE has told his tale, the old Gallic nobleman, to his friends as they sit on the lawn by the entrance hall of his villa, beneath the wood-crowned rocks. And his tale has been of the passing of the old gods from Rome. And now that he has finished, it seems that he will begin again. "He was a brave man was Symmachus", he cries, "when he went to the Emperor's Court and pleaded for the priests and the Vestal Virgins and the statue of Victory. Aye, and he did think that the gods would again rule in Rome, and that the Senators would once more adore that goddess Victory." He has paused for a moment and the young prefect of the district rushes in with a quotation.

"Quæ vero procerum voces, quam certa fuere
Gaudia, cum totis exurgens ardua pennis
Ipsa duci sacras Victoria panderet alas."

"Ah, you quote Claudian. I have often spoken with him. He dared not write what he would have wished. None of them dared to write or to think of the Christian faith."

"You say none of them dared", cries an aged Roman. He has been a prefect once in the land where Theodoric the Visigoth rules to-day, and he is spending the evening of his days at his Gaulish villa, hard by. "And yet you say that Symmachus was a brave man." He speaks in a tone of bitterness, for he is the only one in that group who still prays, though it be in secret, to the ancient gods of Rome, and lays the flowers before the household images, tenderly and gently. It was his mother had taught him to do so, when he was a little child, in the days when men still saw the smoke rising from the sacrifices on the Mons Vaticanus.

"Your Beatitude misunderstands", says the host, politely. "I said not that they were not brave; but that they would not dare to think of the Christian faith. Read the histories. I have them all in my library. To Tacitus the Christian faith is an 'exitiabilis superstitio' and the Christians 'per flagitia invisos'. Eutropius, again, sees Christian Emperors wearing the purple, but he never mentions their religion. Symmachus, at heart, was the same. To him the faith of the great Ambrose was an exitiabilis

superstitio, nothing more. And that is why I deem that Ambrose had every right on his side when he told the Emperor that what these Senators sought was not justice, but privilege. Ah, if they had thought! What might not the Christian faith have done for Rome!"

"If that be so", says the Roman, "it must be remembered that they considered those old gods whom they served to have given to the world rest under the Roman Peace. And if they could see naught in the new religion save an *exitiabilis superstitio*, it must be granted by all men that dire calamities have fallen on the Roman people since it became, as Symmachus has said, the religion of a good courtier to desert the altars of the gods. And if they spake of the worship of Rome as an *exitiabilis superstitio*, do not the Christians call the gods of Rome evil demons and have they not laid low their altars?" His face flushes as he speaks, but his tone is subdued, for even his faith cannot make him forget that he has been an official of a Christian Emperor. The Roman Republic by the voice of its Emperor has closed the temples and has laid waste the shrines that he loves. Yet it is not for him, who has been a senator and a prefect, to blame the Emperor, especially before provincial nobles. His religion has taught him that the whole duty of man is loyalty to the State.

His Gallic host realises the Roman's feelings, and his conscience smites him because he has hardly observed the law of courtesy in speaking as strongly as he has spoken.

"I do not hold," he replies, "with the things that some Christians say of the ancient religions and rites. I feel that in these religions there was ever much worship of the true God. But when your Beatitude says that dire calamities have fallen on the Republic in these latter days, I would remind you that were it not for the Christian faith we had verily been overturned in slaughter even as was Troy, and the world to-day might be rushing back into the ancient chaos. I mean", he explains, for there is a puzzled look on the old Roman's face, "that Alaric was a Christian, and he did not therefore burn the churches nor those who fled thereto to seek an asylum. And here in Gaul to-day Theodoric is a Christian, though unhappily he is meshed in the Arian heresy. Every morning he goes ere break of day to the assembly of his priests and stays for some time at his prayers. And his priests have so transformed him that he is to-day more Roman than Barbarian. I have dined with him at Narbonne, and at his table I have witnessed Gallic plenty, and Greek taste and Italian brilliance, all the ceremony of a public banquet, and all the comfort of a private dinner, embellished with that high order and ceremony that mark the palace of the King".

The Roman listens, and a grim smile passes over his face as he thinks of that day now many a year ago when he went to Narbonne for the orations and games in honour of his appointment to his office, and he recalls how they threw about among the crowd the ivory tablets with the portrait of the new consul. Will there ever be a Roman procurator again at Narbonne? he wonders to himself. But it is time for him to depart, and with a courteous farewell to his host and friends he wends his way along the valley under the rocky precipices to the gates of his own villa. The crowd of slaves is drawn up by the vestibule. They have been talking among themselves of the procession to the church, for to-morrow is a saint's day, a *dies bona*, a holiday for the city and the countryside, when everyone save their master will walk in the procession to the cathedral church. But their lord passes not into the vestibule; he turns aside into the grove and enters the mausoleum beneath the cypress. The slaves know that when their lord goes to the mausoleum he will have none near him, and they draw back to the vestibule. And the old Roman stands alone and reads for the thousandth time the epitaph on his dead wife, the epitaph that she composed ere her spirit passed: "It is thou oh my husband who by thy care to teach me hast in truth saved me pure and holy from the jaws of death. It

is thou who hast taken me to the temples and made me the servant of the gods. It is under thine eyes that I have been initiated into all mysteries". "They were pure, noble women, my wife and my mother", he murmurs; "and let the Christians say what they will, I will never believe that they prayed to demons."

And, as he thinks on the dear dead women, there fall on his ear the words "Kyrie eleison" chanted and chanted again. He listens to the band of Christian priests and people who are singing for the vigil of their saint's day to-morrow. He listens for a moment, and then he remembers that it is time to kindle the incense before the image of Jupiter. He leaves the mausoleum and turns back to the vestibule.

Meanwhile the friends whom he has left on the lawn have turned into their host's library. It is a spacious room with inclined tables such as you see at the schools of the grammarians. There are tables for the ladies of the house and their friends, and on them are placed books of piety and the acts of the holy martyrs. And there are seats for the men placed before the latest treatises of the rhetoricians. And there in the cupboard are Homer and Vergil and Horace and Ausonius, strangely mingled with Augustine and Jerome and Origen, and on the master's table is a new book that the host has been reading that day, the "Universal History" of Paulus Orosius, the disciple of Augustine of Hippo. A young maiden has entered the apartment. She is the daughter of the house, and she has come to tell them all that they must rise very early. For the procession must be at the cathedral church ere the day begins to dawn. "And there will be crowds on the road", she cries, "all walking behind the torches and all singing. All the women and all the slaves."

"All the women and all the slaves", her father repeats when she has left the room. "This is the sign that the Faith of the Galilean has not plunged the world back into night or chaos. There was a time when the pagans jeered at the Christians because they told the mysteries to women and slaves. I know my friend across the valley did initiate his wife into the mysteries of Eleusis, but the pagans did not do such things until we taught them. Rome was great. Yes, and she is great. She found a world and she made of it one city. Ah, had her senators and nobles listened sooner to the Christ's cry of pity! But they would not listen. The Faith will save the world, I know, but can it now save the Republic?" And as the slave comes to announce the supper, he says again "All women and all slaves". The young prefect shakes his head. This young magistrate calls himself a Christian, he will have a high place in the procession to-morrow; but this talk of "women and slaves" seems strange to his official mind.

"THE CHARM 'FOR EVER'."

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

THE world very well remembers the picture called "The Empty House" with which some years ago McStagger hit the public straight between the eyes, though poor Mr. Booby, who bought it, has been trying hard ever since to forget the four thousand five hundred pounds he paid for it. "The Empty House" eclipsed all the notorious, popular works of its year. It even eclipsed that ingenious puzzle picture, "The Divorced Wife's Sister". The great point, it will be recalled, about "The Divorced Wife's Sister" was that you could not make up your mind which was the divorced wife and which the sister. There were many people who contended that this was a serious flaw in the picture; whereas a few—a very few—suggested that its painter, Sensation R.A., subtler perhaps than his critics, had deliberately meant you should not be able to decide which was which, seeing that in reality they are not so very distinguishable.

"The Empty House" was a picture of the dead Pitt lying in his house on Putney Heath. A messenger has come round from a friend, who is himself perhaps too busy to inquire after Pitt's health; and has found the doors ajar and the household all gone. He has

entered, made his way by chance to the statesman's deserted room, and is looking with startled eye on the corpse. McStagger's blow gave the public concussion of the brain. It sent to sleep the critical faculties of even some people who knew about pictures and art.

It was too much altogether—or the rapturous outcry of the public was too much—for one or two of the leading statesmen-historians at the time: they paid special visits once or twice to the artist, it was announced in the Press, and one of them supplied a special note on the incident of the last Pitt scene which McStagger has incorporated in his autobiography, not to be published, however, till his own house is empty.

At that time, when most of the amateurs and many of the professionals were still suffering from the force of McStagger's blow, Ideolon was absolutely head-whole. He sized it up directly he saw it on the line. "Clever, you know", he said. He recognised that its merit was one of sudden, tremendously striking effect—a blow on the point, which knocks people out instantly. He would not have given five pounds for "The Empty House", except for the purpose of selling it for nine hundred times that amount next week to Mr. Booby of Birkenhead.

Ideolon was a Quite in the world of art. He had perhaps the most faultless mixed collection of works of art of any private person in the country, and his stag parties once a month were a liberal education in themselves. It was said he had not a single bad thing in his house, oil-painting, water-colour, sketch, or etching; and the living artist who got on to his gumpious walls was sure, if not of money during his lifetime, at least of fame some time after he was dead. No one could say for sure exactly how Ideolon had come to be so perfect in his judgment. He appears to have graduated in no particular school of art or of criticism. He had made all the usual wholesome juvenile mistakes in judgment in his early years, and had grown out of them instead of being prompted or scared out of them by superior people.

He shed his wrong views as easily and naturally as a snake sloughs its skin, and we all know what a virtue is in that.

But there are a good many Ideolons—or at least there are some—who go through this wholesome process of education in this gradual and sure way; the only known way that really avails in art or in literature, or in life; and yet, at sixty years old, how very few of them can look round their walls and feel, as this particular Ideolon had a right to feel, that there is not one bad or indifferent thing thereon?

How many of them can recognise with Ideolon that they have collected for posterity?

Ideolon had bought a large number of his joys-for-ever for quite small sums of money. His investments on behalf of posterity had been as wise financially as they were critically. Things which twenty years ago, or less, he had given a few pounds for, were worth hundreds to-day. He could actually have gone round to Gumption, the fine art amateur buyer and seller, or he could have gone round to the fine art dealers and have made sixty per cent. out of them for every thirty per cent. they might be trusted to make out of that large section of their customers who were not Ideolons.

Only Ideolon, it happened, did not buy for money, he bought for posterity—two things which are not reconcilable.

Ideolon could also at times give high sums of money for his treasures; and on his walls it often chanced that a work he had picked out of the gutter for a trifle hung next to a work that he had paid five hundred or a thousand guineas for.

Ideolon was not one of those men who wish to pose as the patron. He did not in the least pride himself on having a new or an old painter in his pocket. But he was quick to recognise and generous to rejoice in struggling genius. Thus, years before the world knew even the name of Savage as a great artist, Ideolon had quietly begun to buy the best of his work, and to pay generously for it sums well above its market value. Indeed Savage had no actual quotation at all in the

market. Practically Ideolon fed and clothed him—the luxuries of his life; Ideolon had supported him with money for the bare necessities of his life such as brandy and water and endless ounces of a mild black shag tobacco—every other drink and every other smoke made Savage sick at once. Savage painted wharves and wharf-sides in Wandsworth and all the sordid side of life that haunted them and the back streets that led to and from them. Or sometimes he would go further afield and paint the new yellow-brick buildings and the rhubarb-field country, the zone that lies between the suburb of London and the country beyond the suburb. Savage knew this terrible zone better than any artist living; and when he could be trusted between the brandy and waters to put on a decent coat and a clean collar to go forth to dine at one of Ideolon's bachelor parties, he could give an account of this undiscovered England that led on to the best discussion of the evening. Savage sketched and painted, with an intense painful fidelity, eyesores. His yellow bricks, his cobble stones, his decayed inn signs, his heaps of old tins and miscellaneous refuse were marvellous in their truth. Savage painted the yellow brick as he saw it for the god of yellow bricks as they are. But his greatest triumph was perhaps the rusty, tanging, barbed-wire fence. Nobody ever did barbed wire before Savage came, and nobody will ever dare to do it now he has gone.

Ideolon, though a Quite as critic, was absolutely a Not-At-All as creator. Perhaps his faultless taste, his exquisite dislike of everything that was not of the best, held him back. Whatever the cause, the making part of him appeared simply not to exist. And yet there burned within him an intense desire to create something himself for posterity. The origin of the passion in him was absolutely pure. The passion arose out of no vulgar vanity, nor ambition. Its original source was purely spiritual. Ideolon desired immortality. It was not at the start so much the longing "What shall I do to be for ever known?" as the longing "What shall I do to be for ever?" He loathed the doctrine that the earth ends all. He viewed it as the most cruel, mean and paltry doctrine of all—yet, loathing greatly, he feared it greatly. He was a spiritualist; but he was a pessimist.

He longed to believe; but he could not, even in rare moments of elation, say with his great Elizabethan hero:

"From this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust."

He could not, even in his best moods, believe that man can live hereafter save through his works. He distrusted immortality through collecting and willing away the works of others—the sales of pictures any day and the Death Duties were all against it.

Besides, he craved for a more direct form of immortality than that. He wanted to be part of the immortal thing himself, to go down and to live in it and of it. He despised the immortality of the mediocrist, the immortality of the mere middleman.

Now the more he saw of the pictures of Savage the more convinced he was that here was the work of an immortal artist. Ideolon felt that if he could have wrought a work as great as some of these pictures of yellow bricks and old tins and barbed wire he would at least have been secure of immortality through his works.

Savage, on the other hand, did not care for immortality: he would have swapped immortality for a bottle of "Three Star" any time. He painted simply because he liked painting immensely. He would have told you that he had no purpose, intellectual or ethereal, in producing the masterpieces which Ideolon recognised as the work of an immortal artist. He really appeared to paint as he drank brandy and smoked the black shag which was served out to him by the ounce from a brown tin canister in the tobacconist's at the end of the street: he appeared to do all three of these things because they satisfied strong cravings within him.

A great many of Savage's touches seem not to have been made with the paint-brush at all. The final touches of genius appear to have been made on the spur of sudden irresistible inspiration by any instrument that came to hand; with a pencil or a pen or a bit of stick, with the edge of a coin or with his finger. It was perhaps in these wondrous oddments and scrapings of genius that the charm "For Ever" was more crystal-clear to see than in any other part of the glorious work of Savage. All these little scrapings were immortal.

Ideolon was enchained, he was obsessed by them.

A sudden irresistible inspiration came to Ideolon. "Eureka!" he cried out.

He swiftly took out his penknife, after standing for some time in his library, consumed with wonder and admiration by the work of the master; then upon two of Savage's latest pictures of barbed wire and yellow brick in the fields of East Acton he scraped with a firm, sure hand some little marks.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PSEUDO-OLYMPIC GAMES,

WITH A POSTSCRIPT ON WINCHESTER WINDOWS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sherborne School, 25 August 1913.

SIR—It is no use my pretending to be a constant reader either of your own or of any other weekly Review; an incorrigible taste for literature in book-form has always made me a poor reader of journals, weeklies, and magazines; and now business and middle-age only confirm the deficiency. *Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens*, yet, like Horace, I am not wholly dead to all impressions; and I shall certainly make an effort to follow up this lucky plunge into your lively and independent waters.

I most heartily hope that your vigorous onslaught upon these pseudo-Olympic games, while too vigorous perhaps to convert opponents, will stir up and encourage those among us who really feel just as you feel, but scarcely venture to refuse to bow the knee to the great image of competition which Nebuchadnezzar the Press has set up. Like yourself, I have wondered why my old school-fellow, and I hope I may say friend (albeit rarely met), Mr. G. S. Robertson, lets himself be mixed up with this latest craze of advertisement. But he was always one of the most good-natured of men; and I suspect Mr. Studd of being another. Moreover, the spirit of the age is against saying "no" to anything.

I hope you will not cease to rub it in that when a man makes some form of athletics his principal occupation he is just as much a professional as if he were paid for it; that most of the "sport" which is reported in the newspapers is of this essentially professional character; that vicarious athletics, while they do an incalculable amount of harm in filling youngsters' minds with frivolous ideals, will do nothing to add to the prestige of the British Empire, and have nothing to do with that healthy and spontaneous outdoor sportsmanship which in past days did contribute much to the success of the British as a governing race.

I am Sir yours faithfully

NOWELL SMITH.

P.S.—I cannot resist the temptation of adding a word upon another subject treated in the same issue of your Review—the chapel windows at Winchester College, in which as a Wykehamist I am naturally much interested. While strongly agreeing with you and Mr. A. C. Benson on the general principle of leaving original work alone instead of destroying it at the capricious dictates of æsthetic fashion, I am bound to say that seven years as a boy and four years as a Master at Winchester have convinced me of the essential ugliness of the windows in question and of the probability that windows executed at the present day

and under the supervision of the present Warden and Headmaster of Winchester would be more helpful to the spiritual and æsthetic education of future Wykehamists. If this is so, a higher utility should override what is, after all, an academic and antiquarian, though in itself a sound, principle. It is a grave responsibility which the authorities are undertaking; but nothing succeeds like success, as that ruthless innovator William of Wykeham proved.

N. C. S.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Little Clarendon Dinton Salisbury

23 August 1913.

SIR—When the greatest cricketer of our time had just been presented with £10,000 for devoting his whole life to a game, I was asked by a fine old French marquis in Savoy to explain the (to him) inexplicable proceeding. I well remember his bewildered air and his last words: "Mais, mon Dieu, on ne pourrait ramasser tant d'argent même pour le plus grand bienfaiteur de sa patrie!"

I am etc.

GEORGE ENGLEHEART.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 Sussex Place Regent's Park N.W.

26 August 1913.

SIR—Your conception of me as one of the five righteous men in an Americanised City of the Plain inhabited by mammoth grocers and popular storytellers touches me to the heart. I am only sorry that, like a more exalted personage, you did not give me the opportunity of making you a sporting offer on behalf of my fellow-citizens before you let the fire and brimstone drop on our heads. We dislike "American methods", in the sense in which you use the phrase, as much as you do, but we do not intend to flee to Zoar. So long as we remain on the spot you may feel assured that the athletic angels, to whom we offer hospitality, will not be handed over to the professional mercies of those who crowd outside our doors. Our business will be to see that their wings are in first-class working order before we lead them out to battle against the Moabites and Hagarens.

When we have beaten the surrounding tribes we may be able to consider whether we shall stay at home in peace for the future alongside the Dead Sea. Till then it is impossible.

Yours very truly

G. S. ROBERTSON.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL PROJECT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bad Gastein, 26 August 1913.

SIR—I have only to-day received the SATURDAY REVIEW of the 9th instant, containing an article and a letter on the Channel Tunnel.

My partners and I are the principal dealers in the London Stock Exchange in the shares of the Channel Tunnel Company. If Parliament should ever be foolish enough to authorise the construction of the tunnel it would therefore mean a considerable amount of money in my pocket. But I hope that its construction will never be permitted. I will grant those in favour of the scheme all they argue with respect to the entente with France, which entente I sincerely hope may long continue. But the advocates of the tunnel absolutely ignore history. Most wars have been started without any actual declaration of war. Many important fortresses have been seized by an unexpected "coup de main", or by the treachery of the defenders. In 1870 Marshal MacMahon sent an engineer officer with instructions to blow up the railway tunnels through the Vosges; but owing to the engineer officer being dilatory the Uhlans were there before him, and the result was the French lost the battle of Sedan.

In either 1875 or 1877 Bismarck, surprised at the recuperative power of France after 1870, resolved to make war again so as to crush France once and for all,

though fortunately he was prevented by the Tsar of Russia. It is well known that his intention was, if again victorious, to extend the German frontier from Avricourt in Lorraine to the British Channel, and to include in the German Reichsland the whole of the strip of territory from the Belgian frontier to south of Amiens.

Suppose at some future time a war were to take place between England and France together against Germany, and that the tunnel should then exist, and that Germany should be victorious. Can it be doubted for a moment that besides the above-mentioned additional territory Germany would insist on holding the English end of the tunnel?

Experts have said that the construction of the tunnel would entail most costly additional fortifications at Dover and an addition of ten thousand men to the garrison at Dover. Let the Government therefore ask the promoters of the scheme to transfer to the Paymaster-General sufficient Consols (a) to pay the cost of the new fortifications, and also (b) to bring in sufficient income to pay the annual cost of the additional garrison at Dover.

Some years since, travelling between Dover and Paris with the late Mr. James Dun, former naval architect to the Admiralty, and at that time naval architect to Vickers, Limited, he told me that unless the defences at the mouth of the tunnel were some considerable distance inland it would be an easy matter to destroy them from the Channel by means of twelve-inch guns.

"S. F.", in his letter in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW of 9 August, mentions "hook-nosed gentlemen" as the promoters of the Channel Tunnel. This expression is usually used as a synonym for members of the Hebrew race, to which race I have the honour to belong. I am quite sure that neither the late Sir Edward Watkin, nor the late Lord Burton, nor the late Lord Grosvenor belonged to that race.

Yours truly

TROIS ETOILES.

"THE OLD SOLDIER, THE CLERGYMAN, AND THE MILITANT SUFFRAGETTE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 Robert Street W.C., 27 August 1913.

SIR—May I put in a brief response to the rather lengthy tirade of the gentleman from Adelaide, who was a soldier and is a clergyman, and who abandoned the Army because he could not submit to censure from his "superiors"?

I want this gentleman who is so solemnly censorious of militant suffragettes to express some views (a) about a Government kept in power by the representatives of those who, in Ireland, have brought the most savage forms of militancy to an organised basis; (b) about Sir Edward Carson and his Unionist supporters, prepared to deluge their country with blood rather than submit to a Government they dislike; (c) about millions of trades unionists who, although possessing, like both sections of Irishmen, votes and representatives, employ violence in almost every industrial dispute; and (d) about the whole British Empire, which rallied its men and its guns, burnt whole villages, destroyed crops and cattle throughout a starving country—and incidentally a good many items of my own prized oversea mail—to get votes for a handful of British men in the Transvaal.

Can he tell us why women should be fastidious in the choice of weapons and tactics in deference to the opinion of people like these? Can he explain why he is so much more concerned about the loss of life which did not happen in the Dublin theatre than that which has happened, is happening, and will happen in Ulster and County Clare? Can he explain why he does not advocate the deportation of Redmond, Carson, Ben Tillett, and other male "ringleaders"? Can he tell us what right his quarrelsome, riotous sex has to rebuke ours? Can he justify his swallowing of the masculine camel and straining at the suffragette gnat, and his worry

about the mote in our eye when there is such a monstrous big beam in his own?

Faithfully yours

C. NINA BOYLE

Head of Political and Militant Department,
Women's Freedom League.

[For the strength of its argument this letter might reasonably be suppressed, but it would be a pity to provide the Mænads with a useful grievance.—ED. S. R.]

"BEAUTIFUL LONDON."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Flatford East Bergholt Suffolk.

24 August 1913.

SIR—From Venice to Russell Square via King's Cross is enough to embrace in a Laertes-like lamentation.

Those who love London "more than forty thousand brothers" will rightly demand what Sir W. Eden will do for her. Having said that "Hell is roofed with lost opportunities", does he prefer dwelling upon that structure to working on a new foundation, or will he kindly tell us how the committee he suggested in the first place for the protection of Hyde Park Corner is to come into being, and what further steps he intends to take?

Your obedient servant

H. P. HAIN FRISWELL.

FLOREAT "THE SATURDAY"!

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 August 1913.

SIR—I would not for a moment call forth the vice of undue vanity on the part of the Editor and staff of the SATURDAY REVIEW—but yet I cannot refrain from reporting the latest conquest of our favourite paper. Anglo-India looms (or should loom) large in British eyes, and it is therefore with interest and pride you will hear that at a certain "station-club" out there it has recently been decided that the all-conquering SATURDAY shall be henceforth taken in; but, as the aforesaid club's funds do not allow of an unlimited supply of journals, your great journal (blow the trumpets, sound the drums!) is to supplant "Tit-Bits" and "The Pink 'un"! Let this additional plume wave in the SATURDAY's cap.

Yours faithfully

CONSTANT READER OF THE S. R.

MANNERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

New University Club 57 S. James' Street S.W.

26 August 1913.

SIR—What is wanted is a mission in Mayfair. But it is easier to talk than to begin. It is vastly more difficult to convert a stockbroker than a crossing-sweeper, and it requires a more than merely intelligent man to preach the moral virtues effectively to a successful company promoter or to an heiress in the heyday of life.

That "manners makyth man" the old founders of our greatest seminaries of sound learning knew well enough; just as they knew that, if these manners were not acquired in youth, the chances were they would not be acquired at all. They might have been hard put to it to define what they meant exactly, but they had a very clear conception of what a "man" ought to be. Perhaps it did not materially differ from what the greatest parvenu of modern times meant when he said "Man is nothing without God". He had had to do with the other kind, and pronounced it only fit food for grapeshot.

What causes so much anxiety nowadays is whether these same seminaries have the ideals of their ancient founders. While we wrangle over religious animosities and difficulties, that chiefly exist on paper only, with regard to the children of other people, we are allowing

our own children to be brought up more or less regardless of all but material considerations and material values. In how many private and public schools would such a virtue as humility not be taboo—fit only for one or two milksop plaster saints? And yet after all humility is at the bottom of good manners. The sinking of oneself and one's interests and meeting others without a thought of one's personal wants is the basis of genuine "noblesse oblige". How far is this in any sense held before the ordinary boy of to-day? He is admonished ad nauseam with the lessons to be learnt from the "Titanic" disaster or the splendid failure of the Antarctic expedition, but he sees little connexion between them and the life he is leading. Put him in the Antarctic or on a sinking ship and he might try and do the same. But he is not there, but leading an existence, probably to him rather purposeless, and in school hours one that has a distinctly dull flavour. Such lessons have about as little effect as the confidential talks, lasting some fifteen minutes, that we used to have prior to such an event as Confirmation, when our housemaster would hazily discuss the idea of *μετάνοια* and the need for "change", and then proceed to ask how many runs we made in our last game or how our parents were! The present conditions are doubtless a great deal due to thoughtlessness. And this is certainly not an age given to clear and accurate thinking. Clear thought is dependent on the power of meditation, and that is fostered only in a distinctly religious atmosphere. Nothing but the recognition that the things of the spirit (which constitute religion) are all-important and over all other considerations supreme can ever bring back the lost eras of chivalry and true gentleness. There is an art of manners just as of other things, and it does not flourish with a material and personal end in view. We are one of another—and pride and competition will never teach us that. It is well-nigh impossible to have consideration for the man whose throat you are cutting, and so long as we try and cut one another out shall we decline in those virtues that go to make a gentleman, the sort of person Livy must have had in mind when he wrote "*haud minus libertatis alienæ, quam suæ dignitatis memor*". We must unlearn a great deal of what at present goes for knowledge, and come to recognise that many of our present values are quite unreal and destructive, that haste is not conducive to efficiency, and that self-control and patience do not turn those who have acquired them either into nincompoops or stained-glass window saints.

In a recent article in the SATURDAY REVIEW the writer said, "Those who know the East tell us that no Westerner has good manners; indeed can hardly know what manners are". Is it because in the East these same childish virtues and foolish values, as we think, are held in high esteem?

C. JENNINGS.

CARLYLE'S BIRTHPLACE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

29 August 1913.

SIR—I have to-day forwarded to the Honorary Secretary of the Carlyle House Memorial Trust a cheque for £126 13s., the sum of £110 to be devoted to the purchase of the south end of the Arched House, Ecclefechan, and the balance to the cost of any necessary repairs, restoration, or equipment thereof. Further sums amounting to the sum of £15 or £20 have been promised, but have not yet been sent; if and when they are sent they will be duly forwarded for addition to this fund.

As soon as the purchase has been completed and the property transferred to the Carlyle House Memorial Trust a list of subscribers will be published in the SATURDAY REVIEW.

All the subscriptions have been privately acknowledged by me; but I should like now to express my most sincere thanks to the readers of my article who so promptly, so generously, and so honourably responded to the appeal made to them.

I am yours faithfully

FILSON YOUNG.

REVIEWS.

THE DUKE OF WHARTON.

"The Life and Writings of Philip Duke of Wharton."

By Lewis Melville. London: Lane. 1913. 16s. net.

PHILIP DUKE OF WHARTON became, as Pope said with some truth, "the scorn and wonder of our days" in his own time, but Mr. Melville was hardly well advised in making him the hero of a volume. An article in a magazine would have told the public all they could want to know about him. The author has discovered and made use of certain fresh material in the shape of letters showing the communications that passed between Wharton and the Pretender's side, but as to his character and place in history there was nothing more to learn.

Mr. Melville has therefore devoted considerable industry to a task which was hardly worth undertaking. The Duke of Wharton was a fribble; a profligate and a spendthrift with more than average ability and an acid wit, but he was cursed with inordinate self-conceit, which was fed by the extravagance of both parties, Hanoverian and Pretender's, bidding for his support. The Pretender made him a duke before he was of age—a dukedom in nubibus. The King de facto capped this by making him a real duke. The most surprising thing is that Walpole, of all men, should have believed that by so doing he had earned the recipient's eternal gratitude. When he took his seat he supported the Opposition, apparently because the Minister passed him over for the Lord-Lieutenancy of a county.

The principal discovery made by the author is, as we have said, of letters showing attachment to the cause of the Pretender in early years when Wharton was travelling abroad. There is nothing really remarkable in this, as everyone at the time with no very strong convictions who thought himself worth buying tried to sell himself to one side or the other; especially might this have been expected in the case of an ambitious youth. But Wharton quickly frittered away any influence he had and all his money, so that in the end he was not worth buying at all. When he might have made his peace with George II. and received a comfortable income of at least £6000 a year from his estates, his conceit shrank from the obligation of admitting his faults and asking pardon, and he preferred to turn again to the Pretender, who had had more than enough of him. Clever men on that side like Atterbury steered clear of him, and he ended by dying in extreme poverty at the age of twenty-nine in a Franciscan monastery in Spain, which was a more respectable end than he deserved. He might have died at the siege of Gibraltar, for he walked up to a British battery wearing the Garter ribbon, cheering the Pretender, and swearing. This was not heroism, but the result of drink, or, as the author cautiously says, "the suspicion it was inspired by excess of strong drink cannot be dismissed". He changed his religion with as much facility as his politics. When an exile and totally impecunious, he joined the Roman Catholic Church in order to marry a lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Spain. This marriage appears to have been one of the best indiscretions he committed, for nearly all his proceedings were indiscreet. He was really attached to the lady in question, a Miss O'Beirne, and, so far as a duke in exile with hardly a penny can be happy, the marriage appears to have been happy.

This volume contains the "writings" of this headstrong and foolish young man, to whom no amount of biographical devotion can succeed in attaching any real importance from an historical point of view, though his career is instructive as showing the keen competition raging at that time to procure the "vote and interest" of everyone of any standing. These "writings" consist of one or two rather sharp lampoons which are certainly not beyond the capacity of any clever undergraduate. Much the best is the speech he delivered in the House of Lords in defence of Bishop Atterbury on his impeachment. This shows capacity for going straight to the point, grasp of facts, and the power to appreciate the weight of evidence. But it is not possible

someone "got up" the case for him? Unfortunately he had not in the conduct of his life judgment, common sense, or integrity. His father may have been, as Swift described him, "the most universal villain that I ever knew", or he may have been truly called "honest Tom Wharton". His contemporaries took both views, and political prejudice apart, not without justification, but he played a distinguished part in public life. His son inherited some of his ability, but none of his strength of will or political capacity. He never rose above the level of a headstrong, cleverish, conceited youth, and this is, we imagine, the reason why no one before Mr. Melville has given "a comprehensive account of his life". The really astonishing thing is that anyone should trouble to write it now.

CHRISTIANITY, LIMITED.

"Within our Limits." By Alice Gardner. London: Fisher Unwin. 1913. 7s. 6d. net.

A SAGE once said that he never climbed some steep and difficult tower of argument but he found a woman already at the top, who was quite unable to say how she had got there. The feminine mind is splendid at intuition, but it can seldom think. Lady lecturers are especially given to glib and slipshod argumentation. They hunt the old trails where men have been before, and repeat with facile cleverness the conventional formulas of "emancipated thought" which men are just discarding. Miss Gardner flies high. These "essays on questions moral, religious and historical" deal with matters like Free Thought, Belief in Miracles, Sin and its Remission, The Greek Spirit, Christian Apologetics, Religion and Progress, Ritual, and the like. Miss Gardner remarks that "a woman no longer claims a lenient judgment on inferior literary or scientific work, as she might have done in the days of Macaulay". Well, if these lectures to women students had been given by a man, we should have called him a smatterer and superficial. Just here and there we find a good saying—for example that at the French Revolution emotionalism tried to get into the clothes of reason, but found they did not fit—passion wore its way through at the elbows; or again, that because George Herbert would have us make drudgery divine, that is no reason for making the divine a drudgery. But the good things are rather like the plums in what the schoolboy called hansom-cab pudding. The distances, he said, were great, and you seemed to want a hansom to get from one plum to another. We might quote, however, a point made against Ruskin's definition of vital beauty as "the appearance of felicitous fulfilment of function in living things". Does this apply, Miss Gardner asks, to a hog grubbing up filthy food from a dust-heap? Do we not often flatter the beaux yeux of nature insincerely? She may be a slut and virago as well as a regal beauty.

Miss Gardner discusses the contrariety between the beautiful and present-day democracy. The levelling spirit of the age demands that nothing shall be esteemed as of first-rate importance which is not within the reach of all; yet the higher culture and refinement of taste require leisure and means. The spirit of equality is, of course, deadly to distinction and loveliness, and the inevitable tendency of "progress" has been for a century past to make what is noble and beautiful the monopoly of a minority—popular access to museums, galleries and the sea-side makes hardly a jot of difference to the ugly lives of the many. By the Athenian, however, or Florentine or Elizabethan, in fact by all mankind before the modern era, whatever beauty the world had was shared alike—not, of course, always the costliest things, but the general delight of all architecture and craftsmanship and dress and language and custom. You did not pay a shilling to go in. As regards what is narrowly called "art"—sculpture and painting—Christianity did not really kill pagan art, but

gave it a new birth. Further, by means of ritual it lifted the æsthetic to the self-sacrificing level, and supplied a discipline of conduct. The puritan wishes for religion without ceremonial, while conversely the Comtian positivist believes in the value of ceremonial without supernatural belief. Miss Gardner remarks that the Church—or what she calls the "Middle Ages"—took over the sacramental idea from Greek philosophy. Did S. Paul borrow his sacramentalism from Stoic or Epicurean? It would be truer to say that the self-communication of the eternal through what is seen and tangible is a belief common to the race from the beginning.

Miss Gardner has obviously drunk at the fashionable spring of immanentism, and holds that Christianity, as a spiritual religion, would flourish all the more for getting rid of the supernatural and miraculous elements of its creed. Why should not our enlightened age take symbolically doctrines—such as the Virgin Birth and Resurrection—which the first Christians took literally? Miss Gardner assumes that a communicant Churchman or Churchwoman is free to reject the truth of those mysteries, and urges that the clergy also ought to be free. If belief in miracle is needed for strong religious life, what, she asks, shall we say of Mohammedanism, which is essentially non-miraculous? The argument is a perilous one, for Islam rejects also the Incarnation and the Sacrifice of the Cross. The idea of Redemption is wholly foreign to it. Now, if God has visited and redeemed His people, what is meant is that an innovating and redemptive force has entered into a fallen world to save it from itself. And this force is not an extension of the plane of nature, unless we understand nature in S. Augustine's sense as the universe of all laws and existences, in which case a miracle is not "contra naturam", but "contra quam est nota natura". We quite rightly speak of God as having two worlds, both Divine—the kingdom of Nature and the kingdom of Grace, the one investigable by the senses, the other supersensuous. Spiritual laws are not a higher kind of electricity or even of psychic force. If miracles could be explained by mesmerism and suggestion, there would be nothing redemptive and remedial about them, for they would belong to the same sphere and order as the flesh and blood whose diseases require to be healed. But, once the reality of a world of ghostly powers and existences is admitted, the only question is whether they ever have been, or could be, brought in to modify the uniformities of the world of human experience. Christianity says, Yes; such an intervention attended the Incarnation of the Second Person of the Trinity. There can be no rational prejudice against "suspension" of natural laws, for that happens when a cricket-ball is caught. Miss Gardner has evidently not thought out the matter. She does not see the significance of either the Virgin Birth or the Empty Grave. The former is not a negative marvel, but means that the Son of God was "incarnate by the Holy Ghost", and the assertion that S. John and S. Paul ignore it is more than doubtful. What was meant by the Jews' taunt of illegitimacy, recorded by S. John (viii., 41)? And S. Paul's doctrine of the two Adams, and of the new start given to humanity by the Second Adam, seems to imply His extra-normal birth. As regards the central proclamation of the Gospel that "Christ is risen", this could not have meant merely that His spirit survived death, for who doubted it, except perhaps the Sadducees? And if the Eastertide form was only an economic body employed as a medium of communication with the disciples, where is now the Body of the Incarnation and what is the Body of the Eucharist?

If Miss Gardner were not an accredited teacher of the young women at Newnham we should not think it worth while to notice her opinions so seriously. But "within our limits" is a rule which the sciolist feminism of our day quickly forgets, and thousands of receptive girls are being turned out yearly on this cheap pattern. What could be cruder, to take a final instance, than to affirm—under "Religion and Progress"—that any disciplinary action by ecclesiastical

authority, such as the condemnation of Tyrrell—which may have been wise or unwise—must be dictated by “sordid human desire for power or wealth”? And why does justice demand of God (p. 140) that directly a sin ceases its effect should be removed? Is a murderer who says he will not do it again to be acquitted?

AN AMERICAN COLONIAL PROBLEM.

“The American Occupation of the Philippines, 1898-1912.” By James H. Blount. London and New York: Putnams. 1912. 15s. net.

WE have read this book with much interest as a plain statement of one side of the question on which American opinion is sharply divided as to the retention or non-retention of the Philippines. Although most Americans undoubtedly wish that Admiral Dewey had left Manila Bay after the destruction of the Spanish fleet, and that the United States had not been saddled with any further responsibility in regard to the islands, yet they recognise that, having accepted the burden, they cannot throw it off, and that the Filipinos are neither fit for self-government nor able to defend their country against foreign aggression. The author dissents from this opinion, but his views appear to us to be based more on a theoretical than a practical consideration of the matter, and to be more concerned with what he considers the political immorality of republican America continuing to govern without the consent of the governed, than on the capacity of the Filipinos to look after themselves. While we do not agree with his view, it must be admitted that his honesty is undoubted, and that he is well qualified to discuss the question. He went to the islands in 1899, the year after the occupation of Manila, as an officer of Volunteers and served six years there, the first two with the Native Scouts and the remainder as a U.S. District Judge. During this time he saw much of the islands, and as a Judge he served in several of the most disturbed provinces, where the rising against the Americans had degenerated into a state of brigandage. This was practically a sequel to the previous rising of two or three years before against the Spaniards, the causes of which were, in the beginning, more anti-clerical than political.

Rightly to appreciate the situation we must look back over the history of the islands under Spanish rule, and especially as regards the influence of the Spanish clergy belonging to the various monastic orders. The consensus of opinion is that, on the whole, their influence was most beneficial to the islands—at any rate until quite recent times. It is generally conceded that the comparatively peaceful occupation of the islands by Spain was due to the influence of the clergy, and there is no doubt that the gradual elevation of the natives to their present position of civilisation was almost entirely due to them. There were comparatively few Spanish officials in the provinces, and the parish priest was practically the representative of the ruling power in all the outlying districts. He was an autocrat, though almost always a benevolent autocrat, in his village, and in more unsophisticated times his parishioners—all good Catholics—were well content; practically the only grievance being that the various Orders gradually acquired very large landed interests throughout the islands. But modern ideas crept in with the return of Filipino students from Europe, and the priests felt they were to some extent losing their hold; they tried to tighten it and called in the help of the authorities. The ensuing native discontent led to the formation of a secret society, the Katipunan; the Government attempted to put this down with a high hand, and the rebellion broke out. Previous to this, with the exception of a local and abortive outbreak in the Province of Cavite in the early 'seventies, the natives had lived peaceably and contentedly for generations, they had no real grievances against the Spanish Government, and the feeling of security may be gauged from the fact that there was only one Spanish regiment

in the islands—the Artillery Regiment, stationed in Manila; all the rest of the army consisted of native troops under Spanish officers.

Mr. Blount would have us believe that the outbreak was due to pure patriotism and the desire to shake off the foreign yoke. That the Filipino leaders may have imbibed many of the revolutionary and socialistic ideas current in parts of Spain may be admitted, but that the bulk of the people, the peasantry, who knew nothing outside the radius of their own parish, whose main idea was to do as little work as possible compatible with having enough to eat and to gamble with at the cock-pit on Sundays and holidays, should have been moved by such an idea is hardly to be believed.

The outbreak was the work of a comparatively small band of leaders. The educated Filipino is a fluent speaker, fond of those resounding periods which he learnt from his Spanish rulers, and it was no difficult task to stir up the ignorant masses with those appeals to the coming millennium which have fallen so glibly from the lips of demagogues in all ages. From small beginnings the rebellion grew in strength, and, as was inevitable, in bitterness, till it was brought to an end by the agreement of Biac-Na-Bato, by which the Filipino leaders agreed to surrender to the Spanish authorities and to leave the islands in return for the promise of a considerable sum of money. But the spirit of unrest remained, and when the opportunity arose the leaders, who alleged that the Spaniards had not kept faith with them, gladly accepted the invitation to return and assist Admiral Dewey. They found no difficulty in again stirring up the people, and assisted very materially in the reduction of the city of Manila. Friction was not long in arising between them and the Americans, and the struggle which ensued is fully treated in the present volume. It is certain that the Filipino leaders did expect independence, and that Dewey and the American military commanders did not undeceive them; no doubt partly because the assistance of the natives was of great importance until an adequate American force could arrive, but also because they had no authority to decide such a point without the consent of Congress. It is also certain that the present form of government is not with the “consent of the governed”, and that the Filipinos dislike the Americans more than ever they did the Spaniards. How could it well be otherwise? Spaniards and Spanish ways, the old-time courtesy and want of hurry, were much more in harmony with the nature of the Filipino than the brusque manners and hustling ways of most of the Americans with whom they are thrown in contact.

One of the great difficulties which lie before the United States in any scheme of Colonial expansion is that the best class of Americans are averse from expatriating themselves for a long term of years, and that therefore, though with some honourable exceptions, those who go are not of the best type, and with Orientals it is the man who counts more than the policy. While, however, we recognise this fact and may admit that from Mr. Blount's point of view it proves the theoretical immorality of the government of the islands by the United States, yet from a practical point of view we are not prepared to admit that the Filipinos are capable of walking by themselves. They are an attractive people in many ways, they frequently show much quickness and intelligence, and the more educated have often an infinite capacity for pouring out a flood of platitudes wrapped up in the sonorous language dear not only to Spaniards but to American politicians, but, though Mr. Blount seems to see in this evidence of their capacity for self-government, we look upon it as merely superficial. It is true that during the revolutionary period local native rule was apparently well established throughout those provinces which were in their occupation; but this was merely carrying on the system of the Spanish Government, which had always left a large share in local management—the collection of taxes and so on—in the hands of the village headman. There is, however, no evidence to show that the Filipinos possess in sufficient numbers a class of men capable of coping with the larger questions of government. The

difficulties before them would be great. The Filipino people are divided into several main groups—Tagalos, Pampangos, Visayas, Vicolos, and so on, who do not understand one another's language, and who are separated by immemorial jealousies. Mr. Blount thinks that the years of struggle have welded them into a homogeneous people. We doubt whether this is so, or whether the unity would stand the strain of the fight for the loaves and fishes which would inevitably result were the islands granted independence. But, apart from this, an even greater danger exists in the divergence between the men who did the fighting in those strenuous years and the men who do the talking now. The old-time revolutionary fighting leaders hate and despise the modern "honourable members" of the Assembly, which is not a good augury for a peaceful era of self-government.

Mr. Blount's views with regard to the protection of the islands under a native Government against foreign aggression are even more Utopian. He suggests that they should be neutralised on the same lines as Belgium and Switzerland by an international treaty; but the circumstances are entirely different; the vital interests of the Great Powers of Europe are bound up in the status quo of the two European countries, but what Power would go to war from altruistic motives to prevent the annexation of the Philippines or to relieve the United States from the consequence of their own acts? We have left ourselves no room to speak of the author's pen sketches of the men who have been principally concerned with the history of the islands during these years. He takes a far higher view of Aguinaldo than we are inclined to do; but his views regarding his own countrymen are very true; as a rule, while disapproving of their policy, he speaks highly of them as individuals, but he brings out very clearly the disastrous consequences that may ensue when the management of distant possessions is subordinated to the exigencies of party politics at home.

DREAMS.

"Dreams and the Way of Dreams." By Reginald D. Hine. London: Dent. 1913. 5s. net.

THE dreamer who takes his dreams seriously cannot give better proof of his sincerity than to publish a collection of them. It is a very trying test if his theory is that dreams are revelations of the soul's powers which are not given to us in our conscious states. If they have any value, they would explain something, and throw some light on the soul's operations. But all we have here is a collection of bizarre stories which, but for certain inconsequences and grotesqueries that would make an ordinary writer of stories ridiculous, might pass for extravagant fantasies. Given a man of an imaginative, brooding cast of mind in his waking hours, we should expect his night dreams to be the replica of his day dreams. But his mind, or soul, by day is not less mysterious than it is by night. The poet, bodying forth the forms of things unknown, when he knows he is not asleep, is not in the least degree more explicable when he is actually asleep, and revelling in the airy nothings of dreams. Sometimes he remembers his dreams, a faculty which very few people have but which Mr. Hine possesses to a remarkable degree. "Kubla Khan" was a far finer example of a remembered dream than anything Mr. Hine offers, and the explanation for what it is worth must be that Coleridge, whether waking or asleep, was the greater poet. The question how much poets owe to their dreams is a very interesting one. There is no doubt they owe much. Suggestions come in dreams by an association we cannot trace; but then that is exactly what we have to say about suggestions in our waking state: they are intuitions which do not appear to depend on connected reasoning. We do not know of any poet who has said that what he made use of from his dreams was a finer example of spiritual insight than what his intuitions and deliberate

imaginings and reasons led him to in the waking state. The mystics who have sought divine knowledge, and believed themselves to have obtained it, would by no means admit that they were asleep and dreaming. Whatever the psychological state may be which produces the visions of mysticism, it is different from that which we all, whether we be mystical or hopelessly prosaic, regularly fall into from the weariness of the flesh at very regular seasons.

We may ask, if some special power is given to the soul in dreams, or some special experiences vouchsafed to it which are denied while the body is working by day, why the dreams of the ordinary man are of such a commonplace character. We are to understand that dreams come to us from the subliminal consciousness; at least all those that have any character of the spiritual. The ordinary man has his subliminal consciousness, and if we call it his soul, why should it not in proportion to its faculties be susceptible of spiritual experiences of an abnormal kind in sleep? Yet it would be within the mark to say that ordinary as the ordinary man's waking thoughts may be he will pass through life without having been wiser for a moment sleeping than waking. What are his dreams? Mere horrors or discomforts, or sheer absurdities of which he can remember only that he had a bad dream which he has no desire to have repeated. He feels that intellectually and morally he is below his own standard, and he realises from his dreams more vividly than by any other means what must be the disorders of insanity. But of finer communications to his soul there are almost none. His pleasant dreams are shadowgraphs, his unpleasant ones need no interpretation but indigestion or some nervous derangement. Dreams indeed are very like the delusions of insanity. In days when the interpretation of the dream was a belief and an art, the insane were either God possessed or devil possessed; and so the interpretation of dreams was that they were sent by God to the soul, or they were the instigation of the devil. Mr. Hine's notion is not much different. The fine dreams are an opening of a higher spiritual world; the painful, disgusting ones are a mere bodily phenomenon. He is Platonist in one instance, Aristotelian in the other; whereas Aristotle was wholly Aristotelian, and approached the subject of dreams as does the physiologist or psychologist of the present day. When the alienist now considers the dreams of the insane he finds that the patient whose delusions are not unhappy, dreams not unhappily; while the terrors of the melancholic by day are reproduced in dreams by night, except in that blessed experience where the sleep is dreamless, and the misery is only resumed with the day. Is there any purpose of knowledge to be gained by assuming that the patient who believes, say, that he is the representative of God on the earth, and hence is pathetically happy, is disordered in soul, but that the patient who is in horror because he supposes his soul is lost is only suffering from a disorganisation of nerves? The point is that we cannot approach and learn the soul directly whether we are considering dreams or insanity, genius or the average human being. The mental exaltation caused by some drugs results in productions very closely allied to insane delusions or to dreams. The literary imagination has in many notable instances been likewise exalted. If these are cases of an action on the soul ultimately, we must still study the phenomena of dreams as we do others, by studying ourselves first physically and not by separating the functions of body and soul. The interpretable dream as a revelation to the soul is given up. Even Mr. Hine waives that claim for dreams; and he has not an interpretable dream in his collection. All through the ages the interpretable dream ran witchcraft close in popularity; and we have ceased to dream that particular class of dreams because we have ceased to believe in them. Dreaming and witchcraft are alike in this. We have here another confirmation of what is said above, that according to the cast of the mind in its waking moments so are its dreams. Moreover, Mr. Hine can bring about a repetition of his dreams. This is not a special power. Physiologists who write on

dreams quote it as a not unusual incident of dreams. You can therefore train yourself to dream if you want to, and suggest the kind of dream to yourself that you may want. But this sort of suggestion is only a particular case of hypnotism; and we do not know enough about what happens in hypnotism to talk of the soul. We could, at any rate, hardly speak of a dream so produced as will as lying outside the sphere of ordinary psychology; and if dreams are worthy of being investigated, as they are, for the light they throw on man's complex nature, they can only be investigated as other mental phenomena are. It seems to be assumed by Mr. Hine that in the dream we have a more direct consciousness of the soul than in any other mental or psychic state. But this certainty of experience is easily misinterpreted as it is by the insane, or may be by the mystics; and even, according to some philosophers, the consciousness of individual existence may be an illusion. As knowledge the certitude of personal belief is quite barren, though we are driven practically to act on it. A certainty is mostly another name for the inexplicable where science is nonplussed. We can make no more of dreaming than of our normal mental operations, and all we can do with it is, as far as possible, to bring it within the range of ordinary psychology. Should we try experiments on ourselves, and cultivate the art of dreaming for the pleasure it gives, as Mr. Hine suggests? This seems as dangerous a form of self-indulgence as procuring dreams by hashish or opium, and would probably have very much the same result in nervous disorders and mental derangement.

SMOKE BELLEW.

"Smoke Bellew." By Jack London. London: Mills and Boon. 1913. 6s.

IF this new story by Mr. Jack London were a finished work we should attack it as being a mere repetition and a tale not merely twice told, but many times told; but for some reason it is not finished, either in the remoter sense of polished—"factus ad unguem"—or in the plain sense of being a self-contained story. Christopher Bellew is a young man of San Francisco, of a pioneer stock represented by his hard-bitten uncle John Bellew, but himself a lazy dabbler in the arts, and an unwilling sub-editor and general hack on the staff of an unsuccessful literary magazine run by an amateur. Across this drudgery comes the news of "a strike in the Klondike", and he joins in the gold-rush, not at first as a would-be miner, but merely as a porter to his more virile cousins. Being put on his mettle by the challenge of the conditions under which he carries out this part of his work, he decides to go on and see it through. All this is told in the manner we expect of Mr. Jack London, though we are rather tired of the American novel of adventure in which the hero wins out to physical fitness from a condition of æsthetic anæmia, and quite tired of stories of the Klondike, even when narrated by Mr. London.

Taken singly the episodes in this very short book are engaging, though one's pleasure in them is discounted by a certainty that Smoke Bellew is bound to win in the end. There is a good description of the race against winter across country and down stream, ending with the arrival of the boat at Dawson City just as the ice jams for its winter sleep. There is a midnight stampede to a new creek where gold is reported. There is a freshly told, entirely irrelevant episode in which Smoke breaks the bank of the miners' gambling-hell. There is a capital account of the jumping of a lapsed "claim" by a number of miners and the subsequent cross-country race to Dawson to file the new owner's name in the Recorder's office. Here our interest is cleverly aroused and held until, when we think Smoke is going to succeed once more, he makes a dead-heat. Good—but we turn the page, and lo! "The End", and a catalogue of books published by Mills and Boon, Limited! What has happened? Surely a few chapters were lost on their way from

"Jack London in the Klondike" (see frontispiece) to 49 Rupert Street? What became of the claim he shared after the dead-heat? What became of the nice girl whom he was always meeting? Did he rediscover Surprise Lake? What happened to the man who shot him, to John Bellew, to Shorty, to O'Hara and "The Billow"?

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Successful Music Teacher: Words of Advice." By Herbert Antcliffe. London: Augener. 1913. 1s.

The average teacher of music begins his or her career perfectly satisfied that having learnt to play some instrument no more is necessary. Having mastered scales and arpeggios, and in many cases of course having become something of an artist, the teacher goes forth to find pupils. Everything may have been acquired but the essential—a knowledge of how to teach. A really gifted teacher will instinctively have observed and assimilated the methods of older teachers; but we are afraid that not all musicians are gifted as teachers. Yet in this country only by teaching can a musician hope to earn a livelihood. Mr. Antcliffe endeavours to give young people hints on the art of teaching—with many incidental pieces of advice on the best methods of securing pupils in the first place and keeping them when secured. It will be seen that this is not a "school". There are plenty of good schools in existence already, and Mr. Antcliffe's aim is to show teachers how to make use of them. His book will be exceedingly helpful.

"The Canadian Annual Review, 1912." London: Bird. 1913. 16s. net.

A very useful annual, edited by Mr. Castell Hopkins, narrating the principal events of 1912. As this is the twelfth year of issue, we may take it that the Review has fully established its claim on all who would have at hand a ready book of reference to the immediate past of the Dominion. The opening chapter on Naval Defence covers more than eighty pages, and is an admirable summary of fact and opinion as to the Borden v. Laurier policy. The other sections cover provincial affairs, political, financial, industrial, and literary. There are many excellent portraits of leading Canadian public men and women.

For this Week's Books see page 278.

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By the Right Rev. Bishop FRODSHAM (*late Bishop of North Queensland*).

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THE BALANCE OF POWER IN EUROPE: GERMANY'S DECLINE.

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The Soul of a Doll: and Poems (K. C. Spiers). Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d. net.

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London School of Economics and Political Science Calendar 1913-1914, The. Published by the School. 1s. net.

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Naval and Military Situation of the British Isles, The (By An Islander). Murray. 1s. net.

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